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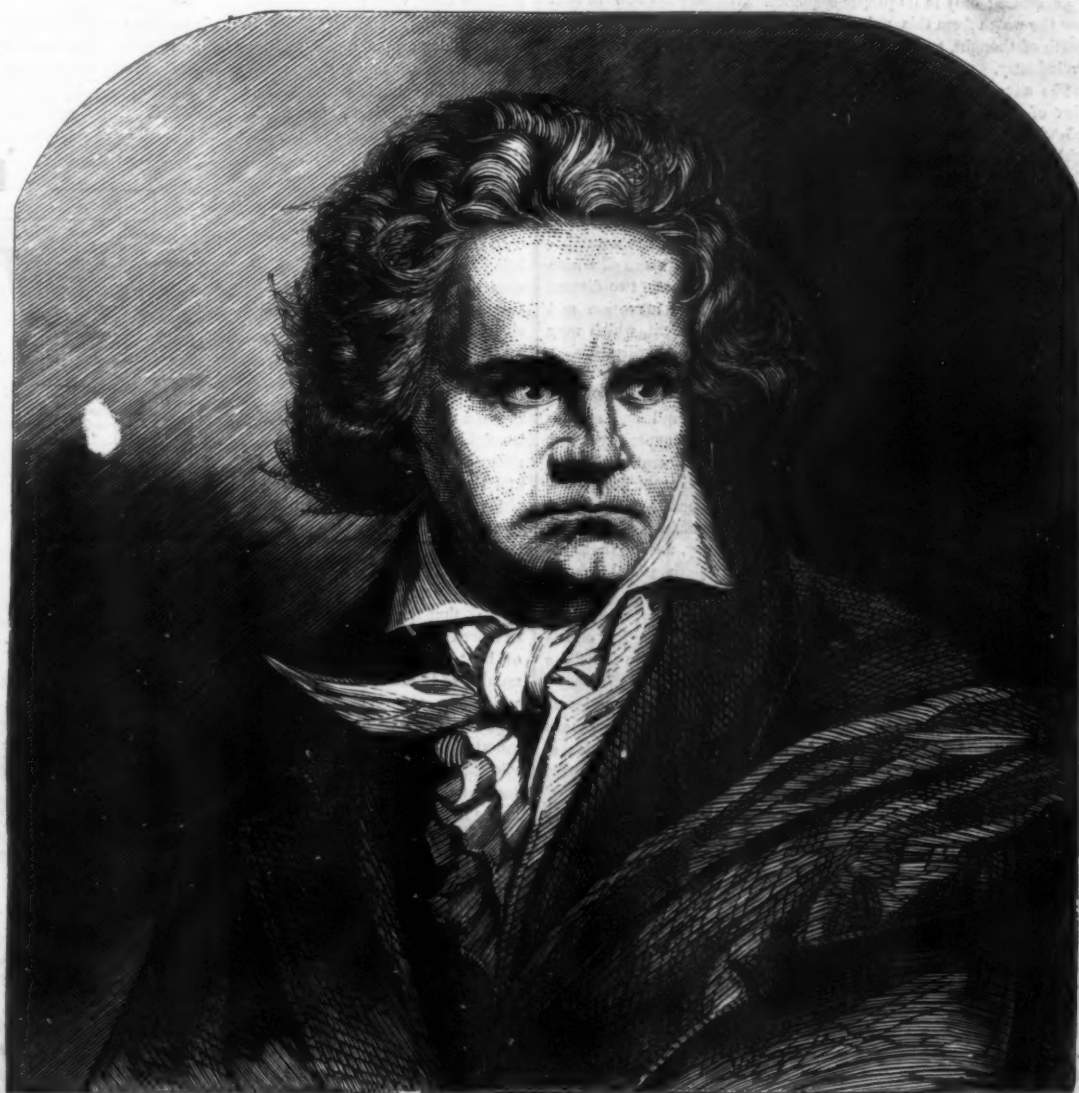
LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.—See page 16.

THE WATCH AS A GROWTH OF INVENTION.

WATCHES made their appearance in Europe about the close of the fifteenth century, and, although our knowledge of their origin is very indefinite, yet they are commonly supposed to have been first made by Peter Hele, of Nuremberg, twenty-five years before the discovery of America. But they were not called *watches*; they were first named from their appearance, and known as *Nuremberg Animated Eggs*. There was almost a prophetic significance in this term, for the Nuremberg egg was the germ of a mechanism and of an industry which have been growing for four hundred years, and have reached their last and highest stage of development only in the present generation.

The watch, like the man who wears it, has a twofold nature, ideal and material—a soul and a body. As man was first a spiritual image, and then a corporeal embodiment, so the watch was first a thought and then a reality; invention created it ideally; industry produces it actually. But both invention and industry are growths of time, and proceed by law. In both there is an orderly progress—infancy, youth, maturity—one stage preparing for another, and each stage occurring only in its proper sequence. We propose now to consider the watch from this point of view—in the present article as a growth of thought, and in a subsequent one as a product of progressive industry.

The advance in the art of measuring time may be taken as an index of the progress of man upon the earth. From that early period when time was rudely marked by the alternations of day and night, and the changes of the moon—when the year was vaguely divided into two seasons, cold and warm, which, as Hesiod tells us, were marked off by the coming and going of the birds, down to Professor Rood's recent and wonderful demonstration that the electric spark, which lasts but the twenty-five thousandth of a second, has nevertheless its history—its sequence of phenomena, the first stage of which lasts but the ten-millionth of a second—between these two distant terms of progress there has been a gradual growth of invention and construction, in relation to the arts of time-measurement, which may be taken as exemplifying the general law of advancing civilization.

The accurate time-keeper was the indispensable predecessor of the locomotive, and travel by railway. That it first made possible those rapid movements of multitudes over vast tracts of land and sea, by which people in these latter days have widened their experiences and attained a kind of terrestrial omnipresence, is sufficiently obvious. Yet this is but a small part of the advantages which exact time-measurement confers upon modern society. The first condition of all systematic and concerted human action, of that economy of exertion which is necessary to the highest personal efficiency, and of that synchronism of movement which characterizes modern social life, is the correct indication of time. In the beginning this was not only impossible, but unnecessary. In the primitive state of man, when he had not yet learned to think with accuracy, or to guide his efforts by intelligence, or to combine his exertions with others, the indefinite chronometry of Nature was sufficient for his needs.

Time is measured by any regulated or regularly-recurring series of motions, which may be either natural or artificial. The conspicuous movements of Nature take place in cycles and measured intervals; in fact, all motion whatever is now regarded by the highest scientific minds as rhythmical. The impressive and rapidly-recurring round of changes which constitutes the *day*—the contrast of light and darkness, the sweep of the heavenly bodies across the sky, the recurrence of warmth and cold, and of sound and silence, served as the first natural markings of time. Accompanying this march of the grander phenomena of Nature there was also a chronometry of life—the vital periodicities of waking and sleep, activity and rest, hunger and satiety, the bursting forth and fall of foliage, the opening and closing of flowers, the migrations, cries, and habits of birds, beasts, and insects—all this intermittence of impressions at varying intervals served to give man his first conscious experience of succession, to develop in him the sense of time, and to divide it for his convenience.

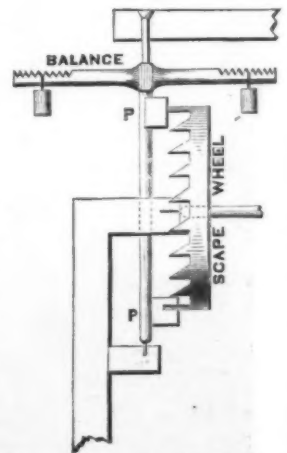
But with the beginning of civilization it became necessary to measure time with more accuracy, and *at* undertook the task. The first artificial contrivances for the purpose were sun-dials, hour-glasses, and clepsydræ. With the sun-dial time was measured by the course of a shadow over a scale, and was therefore useless in the darkness of night and

in cloudy weather. The hour-glass marked the time by the trickling of fine sand through a small opening between an upper and a lower glass chamber. The clepsydra attained the same result in a similar way by the flow of water. In its simplest form it consisted of an upright cylinder large enough to hold several gallons of water, and having a fine opening at the bottom through which it slowly flowed out. It was of course emptied in equal times, and, being refilled, the successive operations served to mark off the divisions of the day. The Assyrian monarch, Sardanapalus, is said to have had a time-keeper of this description in his palace at Nineveh, and there was one also in every ward of the city. These were all filled at sunrise, and, as soon as they were emptied, at a signal given by a man posted upon a high tower, they were refilled, and a number of heralds sent forth proclaiming the fact through the town, that the inhabitants might regulate their transactions, and know when to eat, to worship, to labor, and to sleep. The intervals between the emptying and refilling in this case, like the rounds of the patrolman, which were also anciently employed to measure time, were termed *watches*.

The flowing water was at length made to turn a wheel, which carried an index around a dial, and thus by the introduction of machinery the hours of the day and the motions of the heavenly bodies were indicated. The simple vessel with an orifice thus gradually grew into a complex mechanism known as the *water-clock*. These contrivances came into extensive use in the East, and served as the measures of time for two thousand years.

Falling weights were substituted for filling water as the motors of clocks about the eleventh century, the first used being large machines set up in churches and monasteries. The oldest of which the actual construction is preserved, was made by Henry de Vick, a German, and set up in Paris for Charles V. of France, in 1379. It was a thirty-hour clock, with a weight and a train of wheels giving motion to one hand, and the striking part was precisely the same as that still used. The mechanical conception of De Vick's clock was quite similar to that of our modern timepieces. This principle is, that the impelling power stored up in a raised weight or bent spring shall be communicated to a train of wheels, which are set revolving, and that the force or motion shall then be cut up into a succession of minute but equal impulses, which is done by converting a rotary into a vibrating motion. The last and quickest wheel of the train has its teeth so formed that they are alternately caught and escape, and hence the wheel is called the "*scape-wheel*," and, from its resemblance to a crown, the *crown-wheel*. The bar, or staff, with its projections, which successively catch and release these teeth, is termed the *escapement*, and it is through this that the rotary is converted into the backward and forward movement.

De Vick's old clock had all these parts in a crude form. The oscillating mechanism consisted of a horizontal lever with movable weights, so that the farther out they were hung the slower would be the vibrations. This lever was hence called a *balance*, and the term is still applied to the corresponding part of a watch, although the present watch-balance might be more properly termed a fly-wheel. The escapement, as shown in the figure, consists of the axis of the balance, to which two projections are attached, called the *pallets*, and fixed at such an angle to each other that, as one pallet moves out of the way of a tooth and lets the wheel go forward, the other moves into the space between two teeth, and stops the motion



Balance and Escapement of the First Clock.
P. P. Pallets.

again. Of course, if there were no check, the weight would run down with an accelerated motion of the train; but, as a tooth of the scape-wheel catches one of the pallets, the movement of the train is arrested and spent in swinging the balance round until the tooth escapes. The train now starts again, but, as a tooth catches the other pallet, its motion is again stopped and expended in arresting the vibration of the balance, and in swinging it round in the opposite direction.



De Vick's Old Balance converted into the Pendulum.
P P, Pallets.

vibration of a lamp suspended from the roof of a cathedral, and timing its movements by his pulse. High authorities, however, say that there is no such thing in Nature as *absolute* isochronism, though practically pendulums can be kept vibrating with no greater deviation from it than one vibration in half a million.

The old church-tower clock was the progenitor of the whole race of modern clocks and watches. It was gradually made smaller, and at length became portable with springs instead of weights, and was carried about the person under the name of the *pocket-clock*. This grew into the watch, the earliest of which were large, of an endless variety of forms, without crystals, and either having the face exposed, or with metallic covers perforated over the numbers of the hours on the dial. They opened back and front, had but a single hand indicating neither minutes nor seconds, and were wound twice a day.

The gearing was first impelled, it is said, by a straight spring, but this was soon replaced by the coiled mainspring, a band of fine steel rolled up in a drum, or barrel, and which produced, in unrolling, the effect of the weight. In the case of the clock, the maintaining force, or descending weight, was constant, but in the watch the spring acted with a varying intensity, becoming weaker as it was uncoiled. To equalize its effect, and

secure a regular motion, the barrel enclosing the spring was made to act upon the main driving-wheel by means of a catgut string coiled upon a spiral fusee. When, therefore, the mainspring was coiled up and pulled hardest, it acted upon the smaller end of the fusee, and the progressive loss of force in the spring was compensated by an increasing leverage upon the driving-wheel. The catgut string was soon replaced by the fine, strong chain, consisting of several hundred pieces, which is still used in fusee watches, although the date of its introduction is unknown.

The balance used was simply De Vick's old clock balance in the shape of a wheel, the weight being accumulated principally in the rim which corresponded to the suspended weights on the horizontal lever.

The first important improvement in the old watch, and, indeed, the greatest ever made in its construction, was the application of the coiled *hairspring* to the balance. It effected for the watch what the pendulum did

for the clock, and was introduced about the same time, a little over two hundred years ago. Dr. Hooke, who is one of the claimants of the invention, showed that the vibrations of such a spring are very nearly isochronous, and cause the balance to which it is attached to make its excursions in equal time, whatever their length. The vibrations of the old balance depended upon its moment of inertia, and on the force of the train. The inequalities produced by the varying tension of the spring, and the varying friction, reappeared in the varying vibrations of the balance, and the irregular movement of the watch. But this was now avoided by the isochronism of the hairspring, so that, whether the balance moves completely round at each impulse of the scape-wheel when the watch is first wound up, or but half a revolution, as when it is nearly run down, the rate of movement remains the same.

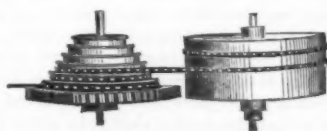


Balance and Hairspring

The next important step of improvement in watch construction was made one hundred and seventy years ago, and consisted in the application of jewels for the bearings of pivots. Precious stones were first drilled for this purpose by Nicolas Facio, a Genevan, but who brought out his invention in England. His contrivance not only reduced the friction of the movements, but gave them such permanence that they would run for generations without perceptible wear. Gems for this purpose are valuable in proportion to their hardness, which decreases in the following order; diamond, sapphire, ruby, chrysolite, aqua-marine, garnet. Many suppose that watch-jewels are made of glass; but this material is too soft and brittle, and is never used, unless it be in the lowest grade of foreign watches made for the "American market."

The next epoch in the growth of the watch occurred seventy years later, and still pertained to the balance. It consisted in compensating it for inequalities of temperature. As the watch was gradually brought nearer to accuracy, it was found that fluctuations of heat and cold altered the proportions of the machinery, so as seriously to disturb uniformity of movement. The length and stiffness of the springs were affected; but the main derangement occurred in the balance. With a fall of temperature it contracted, and, vibrating quicker, the watch gained time; heat, on the contrary, expanding it, lengthened the beats, and it lost time. With a change of thirty or forty degrees, the watch might thus vary two or three minutes in a day. It became essential that this source of error should be removed, for the world's commerce depended on it. A ship at sea could find its latitude at any time by observation of the sun or stars; but, to ascertain its longitude, it was necessary to have the exact time. France and Spain had offered large rewards for some way of finding the longitude at sea; and the English House of Commons, through a committee of which Sir Isaac Newton was a member, offered a prize equal to one hundred thousand dollars to whomsoever should improve the chronometer—the marine watch—so that a ship-captain could determine his position at sea within thirty miles of the true place. In 1767, when the offer had been standing fifty years, John Harrison gained the prize by the invention of the compensation-balance. It rests upon the principle that heat expands different metals unequally—brass nearly twice as much as steel, or in the proportion of one hundred and twenty-one to seventy-four. In the compensation-balance the circumference is divided into sections, the ends of which are free, as illustrated in the figure.

The outer rim, or tire, is of brass, and the inner rim and cross-bar of steel—these being soldered together, so that one expansion counteracts the other. Cold, contracting the inner, steel rim, would reduce the circumference; but, as it contracts the outer brass rim still more, an opposite effect is produced, the circumference being enlarged. The effect of expansion is checked in the same way. In a well-adjusted watch, whether the temperature rises or falls, these expansions and contractions are so admirably played off against each other, that the balance remains constant through all seasons. Screws set in the rim



The Fusee.

The Barrel.



The Watch Balance.



Compensation Balance.

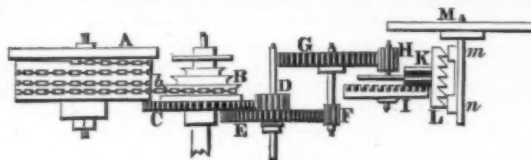
of a balance, which may be altered to various depths and various positions, serve to distribute the weight and poise the balance accurately upon its centre.

The last of the series of important improvements which have brought the watch to its present perfection pertains to the escapement, which transforms rotary into vibratory motion. The accompanying woodcut shows a common form of it, and recalls what we have all seen in the old caseless Dutch clocks. One would hardly think, from its simple and innocent appearance, that it had been the torment of mechanics and mathematicians for five hundred years. Yet it existed in the first clock, and its first construction and adaptation, no doubt, gave old De Vick many a hard headache; while the subsequent history of the variations, experiments, and theories of escapements, would make a cyclopaedia. That which has been settled upon as the most perfect is known as the "patent-lever escapement," or the "detached escapement;" and this particular form of it is due to the joint and successive labors of the most eminent watchmakers of the last century—Berthoud, Le Roy, Earnshaw, Graham, and Mudge—all men of genius, and who made it a life-study. The combination which has been selected by the American Watch Company, as nearest perfection, is represented in the subjoined diagram. The bar, or "patent lever," to which the pallets P P are attached, turns upon a centre-pin, so that the ends of the lever move backward and forward through small arcs, as the pallets are alternately released from the scape-wheel. One end of the lever has a little nick in it, which, as it passes backward and forward, catches a pin upon the balance, and throws it right and left. As the lever, for example, moves to the left (see diagram), one of the pallets catches a tooth of the scape-wheel, and stops the train; at the same time the balance is thrown round, so that the pin passes out of the nick, and the balance swings free to the extent of the impulse—that is, it is *detached* from the lever. As it swings back under pressure of the hairspring, the pin catches in the nick again, and, moving the lever back, unlocks the pallet, when instantly the other pallet is caught by another tooth, and the lever throws the balance the other way. The balance, therefore, in its isochronal swing, throwing the lever this way and that, and alternately locking and unlocking the teeth of the scape-wheel, determines the rate of movement of the train.

When it is desired to alter this rate of movement—that is, to "regulate" the watch—we have to regulate the regulator, which is usually done by altering the length of the hairspring. Shortening the hairspring is like shortening the pendulum—all the beats are made quicker; if lengthened, they are all made slower. It is obvious, therefore, that the regulation of a watch is a matter of great delicacy, as whatever change we make in one beat reappears in every beat, and is multiplied three million times in the course of a week.

The accompanying cut represents the train of an English verge watch, the frame-plates being omitted, and the face-side turned downward. The vertical watch (not the detached lever) is selected because it best shows the relations of the working parts. A is the barrel containing the spring. B is the *fusee*, to which the key is applied in winding, and which is connected with the barrel by the chain *b*. C is the

fusee-wheel, called also the *first* or *great wheel*, which turns with the fusee, and works into the pinion D, called the *centre-wheel pinion*. This



Movement of the Common Vertical Watch.

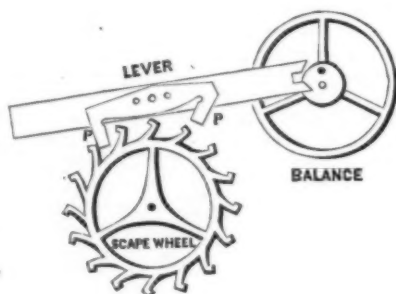
pinion, with the *centre-wheel*, or *second wheel*, E, turns once in an hour. The centre-wheel E works into the *third-wheel pinion* F; and on the same arbor is G, the *third wheel*, which drives the fourth or *centre-wheel pinion* H, and along with it the *centre wheel* I. The teeth of this wheel are placed at right angles to its plane, and act in the pinion K, called the *balance-wheel pinion*, L being the *balance-wheel, scape-wheel*, or *crown-wheel*. The scape-wheel acts on the two *pallets*, *m* and *n*, attached to the *verge*, or arbor, of the balance M, which regulates the movement.

The exquisite working of a well-constructed watch is a matter of interesting reflection. By half a dozen turns of the key a modicum of force is stored up in the spring, and, in the running down of the train and the reaction of the hairspring against the mainspring, that force is cut up into half a million little beats, which are so exactly equal that in the most perfect form of the mechanism it deviates from the uniform motion of the stars but the fraction of a second in a year. There can surely be no loss or destruction here of even the most infinitesimal amount of force—a fact which ought long ago to have suggested the principle of the "indestructibility of energy." We lend to our watch each morning a little instalment of that vital movement which we ourselves borrow daily from the sun. One portion is spent in overcoming the friction of the train, and another portion in the percussion of the pallets, which sets the air to vibrating, and produces the ticking sound; but the force, though infinitely disintegrated, does not come to nothing—it is all converted into heat. And thus the solar heat, after undergoing a series of organic transformations, is deposited as mechanical force in the watch-spring, and is at last converted back again into heat and radiates away into space. The daily running down of the watch, therefore, symbolizes that mighty dissipation of solar energy and running down of the solar system which is now inferred to be a consequence of the laws of physics.

We have seen that the watch has been brought to its present state in a gradual way. A little examination will now show that this advance has been governed by a definite and important principle—a regular law of growth or development. But in what sense, it will be asked, can a watch be said to *grow*?

Those who have studied the phenomena of life tell us that growth consists in a change from the uniform or homogeneous state of the germ to the heterogeneous condition of the organism. The change, by which unlike parts become different and distinct, is called *differentiation*, and the further change, by which unlike parts become more closely dependent, or unified, is termed *integration*. Hence, as we ascend in the scale of development, there is increasing differentiation and a higher integration. Now, we have reason to think that this is a great principle of Nature, not limited to bodily growth, but applying equally to society, to art, and to industry. Both the watch and watch-making industry furnish striking and instructive confirmation of this statement.

In the infancy of the art, when the watch was made by hand and by one man, the idea of a time-keeper was but imperfectly differentiated; that is, it was mixed up in the artisan's mind with all sorts of foreign and fantastic notions. Instead of a mechanism simply to measure time, the watchmaker was constantly striving to produce something novel, curious, and astonishing. The forms and sizes of watches were innumerable. Some were as large as saucers, and others were of the most marvellous minuteness. One is still preserved in a Swiss museum but three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, set in the top of a pencil-case, which indicates the days of the month, as well as the hours, minutes, and seconds. In form they took the shape of the pear, the almond, the melon, the tulip, the shell, the bird, the cross, the skull, the coffin, etc., and they were inserted in snuffboxes, finger-rings, shirt-studs, bracelets, and saddles. A bulky book has lately



The "Patent Lever," "Detached Lever," or "Detached Escapement."

P P, Pallets.

been published on the curiosities of watches, which is little else than a record of the whimsicalities and futile ingenuity of watchmakers in accordance with the capricious and fantastic taste of the times. The

notion of a *time-keeper*, at length emerged into distinctness, became gradually predominant in the maker's mind, and determined the watch to its present settled form.

But even when these external eccentricities and extravagances had been largely got rid of, the inner construction remained complicated with all manner of objects besides simple time-keeping. There seems to have been a phase of the human mind when mechanical invention was subordinated to the production of wonders; and ingenious men gave their lives to the construction of the most intricate and useless machines, such as artificial, automatic animals, which should simulate the actions of living creatures. This singular ambition long displayed itself in watch-making. Watches, striking the hours and quarters, were made with the most elaborate ornamental openwork for the emission of sound. Musical watches that played tunes, and



The Watch as a Double Cross.

speaking watches that imitated voices, were produced as expensive toys for the rich; chimes, alarms, stops, self-winders, and repeaters, and watches indicating the day of the month and the changes of the moon, continued for a long time to be exploited by ingenious makers, although all these appendages were drags upon the works, and detracted from the simple, essential purpose of the mechanism. It was only by that gradual differentiation of human thoughts and feelings, by which the conception of *utility* grew into greater distinctness, that there was a corresponding differentiation of the watch as a simple *time-keeper*, and a concentration of effort to perfect this object alone. The appendages were gradually abandoned in watches of the best construction, and, when the American Watch Company resolved to transplant this ancient industry of Europe to the soil of this country, and establish it upon a new method, such an enterprise was made possible only because the watch, reaching its last stage of differential growth, had become simply a *time-keeper*, and because the idea of the useful and serviceable had become so clear and strong in the American mind as to assure its general appreciation.

Yet the watch, although completely differentiated in purpose, was not completely unified, or integrated, as a mechanism. Every essential step of invention from the outset had tended to bring the parts into more close and perfect dependence, so as to execute its design with the utmost precision. Each incidental and complicating part, and each liability to error or failure that had been eliminated, was a step of growth toward completer integration and more perfect unity of the mechanical structure. But when the American Watch Company entered upon the manufacture, they found that the watch had been by no means reduced to its last degree of simplicity. The English movements of the highest character, although performing well, were still exceedingly complex, and, as the risks of derangement in any machine are, other things equal, in the ratio of its complexity, it was in a high degree desirable to relieve the contrivance of every part not absolutely essential to its purpose. Determined to prune the watch of every superfluity, and bring it at once to the last term of simplicity, consistent with its design, the engineers of this company at

once struck away the fusee, chain, main-wheel, and the retaining power which those parts necessitated. Surprising as it may seem, by this bold stroke more than *three-fourths* of the pieces composing the watch were swept away. The chain alone consisted of several hundred pieces, so that, of the eight hundred parts of the first-class English watch, but one hundred and fifty-eight remain in the movement adopted by the American Company.



The Watch as a Skull.

This was a most important step, as the advantages of removing the fusee and its complex appendages were numerous and important. In the first place, the watch could be produced at much less cost. The chances of failure from flaws in the workmanship were, besides, greatly reduced. The friction of the train was diminished by one half, so that thinner and lighter springs could be used, which are more lasting and equable in their action. Moreover, the parts got rid of were the most difficult and expensive to repair. When brought to the supreme test, that of "performance," the simplified American watch, furthermore, bears comparison with any other; the wide and free motion of the isochronous balance proving quite sufficient to govern and equalize the movement.

That the English should still retain these superfluous parts in their watches, is simply due to their conservative habits, as their highest authorities have pronounced against them. Still, there are Englishmen who can appreciate the best thing, regardless of national prejudice. Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, a keen and inexorable critic, regulates his life by an American integrated watch; and, under the test of constant competition with the finest English time-keepers, he bears cordial testimony to the precision and perfection of its performance. The perfected American watch, in the simplicity, accuracy, permanence, and cheapness of its construction, represents the highest stage in the growth of the watchmaker's art; it is the result of a great law of advancing industry, the working of which will be traced in another article.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE FALLING OF THE WATERS.

THE readers of this history must be prepared to pass over an interval of something less than seven years, from the end of the last chapter. I allow that it is a most undesirable break, but yet it has been involved from the beginning as a necessity of the narrative.

Nearly seven years had elapsed, since Mr. Renton's death, at the moment when we again approach Renton Manor. He died in September, and it was the beginning of August when Mrs. Renton received a note from Mr. Ponsonby, the lawyer, announcing his intention of arriving at the Manor the next day. Mrs. Renton had not improved much in health, but she had laid aside her mourning, and wore gray and violet, and pretty caps, once more. Her existence had known very little change during all these years. Now and then the tonics had been changed, and she had substituted for a whole year the Revalenta Arabica for the arrowroot; but the difference was scarcely

perceptible, except to the maid and the cook, and I believe, on the whole, the arrowroot was found to agree with her best. She had taken her drive almost every day with a feeling that she was doing her duty. "My dear husband always made such a point of my drive," she said, plaintively, though for her own part she would have preferred her sofa; and so had lived on, very punctual in taking her medicine, a woman humbly conscious of fulfilling all the duties of her life. Mary Westbury had been generally her companion in these drives, and, as she was younger and not so settled in mind, had sometimes, it must be allowed, felt as if life was no better than a leisurely promenade between two rows of hedge-rows, sometimes green and sometimes brown. The carriage was very comfortable and the horses were very fat, and there were a great many charming points of view within a radius of fifteen miles round Renton; but still there were moments in which Mary was such an infidel as to wish herself jogging to market in the passing cart, or carrying a basket along the road, or anywhere rather than in that luxurious corner. If any thing had happened to make Mrs. Renton "put down," as people say, her carriage, she would have regarded it as a calamity altogether immeasurable; but I think that both she and her niece would have felt a burden taken off their minds. She would have been left at peace on her sofa, and Mary could have taken needful exercise in her own way. But such a blessing in disguise was beyond praying for. Mr. Renton, though he had been so hard upon his sons, had provided very tenderly for his wife's comfort.

Renton had been hers for these seven years, and had been kept precisely as it was when it was the home of the whole family—not a servant dismissed nor a change made; and thus the height of comfort had been secured. Mary, too, was very comfortable—no young woman could be more so. She had a maid of her own, which would have been an impossible luxury at home, and a liberal allowance for her dress, and a fire in her room, if she chose, from October to May, or, indeed, all the year through, if such was her pleasure; and the freedom of various libraries, and an excellent piano, and any amount of worsted-work she chose. And then the drive every afternoon, wet and dry, "so that she has the air and the change, when we poor people, who have no carriage, must stay in-doors," Mrs. Westbury said, when she described her daughter's happiness. And this felicity had gone on for nearly seven years.

"I wonder what Mr. Ponsonby wants?" said Mrs. Renton. "He might have come without any intimation. I am sure he generally does. Why he should send word like this, as if he had some news to bring, I cannot conceive. I do hope it is nothing about the boys."

"It cannot be any thing about them," said Mary. "Consider, godmamma, you had a letter from Ben just the other day, and Frank and Alice wrote by the last mail."

"That is all very true," said Mrs. Renton; "but how can I tell that they may not have telegraphed or something? And then there is Laurie always wandering all over the world. He may have gone off, as he did the first time, without letting any one know."

"But he never would have dreamed of sending Mr. Ponsonby to tell you," said Mary; "he would have written direct. Laurie is the best correspondent of them all."

"Or he may be going to be married," said Mrs. Renton—"he or Ben. By-the-way, he says something about Ben; but all those business-people write such bad hands. Perhaps you can make it out. I am sure it is too much for me."

After this little introduction, Mary took the lawyer's letter with some slight tremulousness. She was nearly seven-and-twenty by this time, and ought, she said to herself, to have been quite steady about such matters. Of course, some day Ben would marry, and so long as it was any one who would make him happy, she could only be glad. Many a wandering thought about Millicent Tracy had come into her mind. Had she been faithful to him? Had there been any intercourse between them? Had he kept steadfast to his imagination of her for all these years? For it was only an imagination, as Mary felt sure. Every letter that came from Ben had caused her a certain tremor—not, as she said to herself, that it would make any difference to her; but if he were to bind himself to a woman unworthy of him! And now, that he was coming back so soon, it was with a thrill of more intense expectation than usual that she took Mr. Ponsonby's letter in her hand. But there was nothing about marrying or giving in marriage in that sober epistle. It intimated to Mrs. Renton, in the first place, that the time specified in her husband's will had nearly ex-

pired; that he had received a letter from her son Ben, informing him that he intended to meet him at the Manor, along with the other members of the family, on the 15th of September; and that, accordingly, Mr. Ponsonby was coming to Renton next day to go over the property with the bailiff, and see with his own eyes the condition in which every thing was, that there might be no delay, when the time came, in making every thing over to the heir. All that Mrs. Renton had made of this very distinct letter was the fact that the lawyer was to pay her a visit, and that there was something about Ben. But, indeed, Mr. Ponsonby did not write a legible hand.

"Then it is just what Ben told us about coming home," said Mrs. Renton, "though he was not so particular to me in naming the day. He said the beginning of September, if you recollect, Mary; and Frank and his wife are coming by the next mail. I am afraid the children will make a dreadful commotion in the house, and altogether it will be so odd to see Renton full of people again. Of course, Laurie is coming, too. I don't know what I shall do with them all. They can't expect me to have parties and that sort of thing for them, Mary, in my state of health?"

"No, dear godmamma," said Mary, soothingly, "they will not expect any thing of the kind; and you will never think of the trouble when you have all the boys at home. Fancy Frank having boys of his own!" she cried, with a little laugh. The choice lay between laughing and crying, and the first was certainly the best.

"I hope his wife has kept up her practice," said Mrs. Renton, still with a cloud on her brow, "since that was what he married her for."

"Godmamma!" cried Mary, with consternation.

"Well, my dear. I don't know what else she had to recommend her. No family, nor connections; not a penny—not even expectations! If it was not for her music, what was it for? And so many women give up practice when they marry. I always forget—is it three or four children they have?"

"Two, godmamma," said Mary, gently; "don't you remember, the poor, dear little baby died?"

"Well, it is quite enough," said Mrs. Renton; "with nothing but their pay to depend upon. And there will be a black nurse, you may be sure, driving the servants out of their senses. But if she has kept up her practice, it will be an amusement for the boys. And things might have been worse. There might have been three families instead of one, you know, Mary; and then, I think, I should certainly have run away."

"Yes—perhaps it is selfish," said Mary; "but I am glad, too, that they are not all married. It will be more like old times."

"Selfish!" said Mrs. Renton. "I can't see how it can be selfish. Of course, Ben will have to marry some time or other, for the sake of the property. But I never can make out why young men marry, for my part. Haven't they every thing that heart can desire? and no care, and much more petted and taken notice of in society than if they were dragging a wife about with them everywhere. A girl is quite different. She has every thing to gain, you see. I often wonder whether I have been doing my duty by you, Mary, keeping you out of the way of a good establishment in life."

"Pray, don't speak so, godmamma," said Mary, with a blush of indignation; "not to me at least."

"But I do, my dear. And, I am sure, no one ever deserved to be comfortably settled better than you do. However, I have always found, in my experience," said Mrs. Renton, with a profound look of wisdom, "that, when these things are coming, they come, however quietly you may be living; and, if they are not to come, they don't, however much you may go into society. Look at Jane Sutton, who never was seen out of her father's house, and now she's Lady Egmont! I suppose we must expect Mr. Ponsonby to lunch."

"I should think he would come early," said Mary, with a smile; and, as it was Mrs. Renton's hour for taking something, she went away to tell the housekeeper of the guest. And then she made a little tour of the house; peeping into the rooms, in some of which preparations had already begun. The west wing, in which "the boys' rooms" were, was all in commotion—carpets taken up, women with pails and brooms in every corner. The only one as yet untouched was the little sitting-room, or dressing-room, attached to Ben's chamber, where his old treasures were still hanging about—his books and his pictures, and all his knick-knacks. Into this oasis Mary strayed, with a strange thrill of expectation creeping over her. Seven years! what a slice it was out of a life; and how much had happened to the

others, and how little to herself! Mary felt as if she had done nothing but drive all these years in that most comfortable of family-coaches, with her aunt by her side and a bottle of medicine in the pocket of the carriage. And now they were all coming back! To what? What change should she find in them? and, ah! what changes would they find in her? Ben must be thirty-two by this time; and Mary was seven-and-twenty, which, for a woman, is about twenty years older, as all the world knows!

As for "the Frank Rentons," they were not to be placed in the west wing at all, but in a suite of rooms over the great doorway, the guest chambers of the house, as became their dignity as married people with children and nurses to be accommodated. How funny that was! Frank, who had always been the youngest in every way, whom they all—even Mary herself in a manner—had bullied and domineered over—and here had he attained a point of social dignity to which none of the others had yet approached! Mary laughed to herself, and then she dried her eyes. It was an agitating crisis altogether, to which she looked forward with the strangest mixture of feelings. Laurie, it was true, had come home long since; and came to the Manor now and then, and had not drifted out of knowledge. But, then, one always knew exactly how Laurie would be, and it did not matter if he were in London or at the end of the world, so far as that went; but Ben— And to think that every thing was going to be settled, and they were all coming home!

Mr. Ponsonby arrived next day; not, as they expected, to luncheon, but in the evening. He was an old friend of the family, and Mr. Renton, as people say, had no secrets from him. But that was a figure of speech, for the Ponsonbys had managed the Rentons' affairs for generations, and there were no secrets to keep. "I shall want the whole day for what I have to do," he told Mary when he arrived; "so I thought it best to come overnight." And he dined with the two ladies, and did his best to make himself agreeable. His coming and his talk were the most tangible sign they had yet had that their long vigil was over, and that the tide of life was about to flow back to them. He spoke in a very guarded way, betraying nothing of the secret he had kept those seven years; but when Mrs. Renton spoke of one thing and another which she wanted to have done, Mr. Ponsonby made answers which infinitely piqued Mary's curiosity. "We must see what the will says about it," said the lawyer. "It is not worth while doing any thing now till he is here to decide for himself. All that is the heir's business, not mine."

"Do you mean Ben?" said Mrs. Renton; for even she was moved to a little surprise.

"I cannot tell whom I mean until the will is read," he said; "but, of course, whoever is the heir will be but too happy to do what you wish, my dear Mrs. Renton. It must be a great pleasure to you to have all your boys at home."

"Yes," said Mrs. Renton; "but when one does not know whether they are coming to disappointment or to satisfaction! If they should have had to travel all this way for nothing, what a thing it would be—if it were only for the expense!"

"But I trust it will be satisfaction this time, and not disappointment," said the lawyer. "I am heartily glad, for my part, that the seven years are over. I hear the boys have all done so well, which is immensely to their credit, and, of course, is just what their excellent father meant."

"I never could think what he meant," said Mrs. Renton. "Lydia always says it was her fault; but he was not a man to follow anybody's opinion but his own. As for doing well, I am not so sure about that. Ben has become a railway-man—think of that, Mr. Ponsonby! I never even approved of the railroad myself. I don't see what use there is for so much hurry. I am sure I went a great deal oftener to town when we used to drive our own horses, than now that there is a railway close to the gates. But he has pleased himself, which is always something. And Laurie has pleased himself, too. He paints very pretty pictures sometimes; but I don't believe he will ever earn enough to keep him in gloves. And as for Frank—a poor soldier with nothing but his pay and a family of little children! It is very different from what I had once hoped."

"But probably this is all over now," said Mr. Ponsonby—"or at least we have every reason to believe so; and in the mean time they have had their struggles, and know what they are capable of. Let us hope, my dear madam, that every thing will prove to have been for the best."

"I don't doubt that every thing is for the best," Mrs. Renton answered in plaintive tones. And then Mr. Ponsonby was left to his wine in the great old dining-room, which he had not been in since that dismal day when he read the will—or rather the preface of the will—to the startled family. It was a bright room enough in the morning when the sunshine came in, or on winter nights when the fire sparkled and glimmered in the wainscot; but it was very sombre in the dimness of a summer night, with one lamp on the table and the windows open, admitting the night with all its ghosts of sound and profound soft glooms. The family solicitor was not an imaginative man, and yet he could not help feeling that his old friend might come in any moment through the curtains, which hung half over the open window, and dictate to him some new condition in the will which had already wrought so much mischief. "Not a word more," Mr. Ponsonby caught himself saying; and then he roused up and went to Mary in the drawing-room, where she was seated alone in much the same magical half-darkness as that he had left.

"I suppose it is the instinct of a Londoner," he said; "but I declare I don't think this is safe. Sitting with windows open to the lawn, all alone at this hour! Suppose some one should walk in upon you before you have time to give an alarm?"

"Who could walk in upon me?" said Mary, laughing. "We are at Renton, you know, and not in Harley Street."

"Sure enough," said the townsman. "No, thanks; I prefer to face that window. Let me not be approached from behind; let me see what is coming, at least."

"How odd to think of such a thing!" said Mary. "I sit here every evening after godmamma has gone to bed, and one cannot live unless all the windows are open. But oh, Mr. Ponsonby, do talk to me a little! Do you think—do you really think—that now, at last, things will be comfortable for the boys?"

"Let us hope so," said the man of law, arranging himself comfortably in an easy-chair. "I suppose that Mrs. Renton has gone to bed? Let us hope so at least."

"Hope!" cried eager Mary—"of course we all hope; but what do you think?"

"My dear, I can't tell you what I don't know, and I must not tell you what I do know," said Mr. Ponsonby. "Do you never have any change from Renton? It is very fine air; but I don't think it is exhilarating for young people. Do you ever go out?"

"We drive every day," said Mary, with the faintest little grimace; and then she looked at her old friend, and permitted herself the relief of a laugh. "It is dismal sometimes," she said; but when the boys are back I shall be free again, and go home."

Mr. Ponsonby looked at her in silence as she spoke. "Home" was a cottage, instead of a great house; but otherwise, in the eyes of the man accustomed to the world, there was not much difference between the one widow's house and the other. "How do these women live?" he said to himself. When the boys come home there might be a little movement, perhaps, and feeling of life about the old place—and then she would go home! "That is just the time you ought to stay, I think, and see if they cannot make it a little more amusing for you," he said. "Do you never ride now?"

"I have no one to ride with me. I could not go out alone, you know," Mary answered, without raising her eyes.

"Well, I am not much of a man to ride with a young lady, but you shall come out with me to-morrow and go over the estate—if there is any thing you can ride in the stables. It will do you good. I must see that every thing is in order for the heir. And you will not mind giving up the drive—not for one day—for the sake of an old friend?" said the lawyer. "Good Lord! there's a fellow coming in at the window, as I said. Ring the bell, my dear! Quick, and leave the rest to me!"

"Why, it is Laurie!" cried Mary, springing up, as Mr. Ponsonby seized the gilded stick which supported a little screen, and brandished it in the face of the new-comer. "That is just his way, frightening people out of their wits.—Come in quickly, Laurie, if it is you, and not your ghost."

"It is not my ghost," said the figure at the window, advancing to shake hands with Mr. Ponsonby, who was still a little excited. "A ghost was never so dusty nor so thirsty. I have walked down from town all the way, to get a breath of air, and very much mystified I was to see a man in the dining-room from the end of the avenue as I came along. I thought at first it must be Ben."

"So there was some one about!" said Mr. Ponsonby; "that explains my sensation. I had just been giving your cousin a lecture upon sitting alone with the windows open. Yes, Laurie, my boy, here I am, come to look over the ground for the last time, before it is given up to the heir."

"Ben will not be hard upon you," said Laurie, with a laugh; but as he spoke he looked fixedly at the solicitor, hoping—which was like Laurie—to beguile that astute practitioner into self-betrayal.

"I don't know any thing about Ben," he answered, smiling at the simple artifice; "but I know I must set my affairs in order, and be prepared to give up my trust. I want Mary to go with me over the estate. She is moping and pale, and a brisk canter will do her good. Will you see if there is any thing she can ride?"

And then there ensued a little consultation as to whether Fairy was up to it. Fairy was a pet pony, as old as the hills, who had been eating herself into a plethoric condition for years; but Mary, who was not a very bold horsewoman, believed in the venerable animal, as did every soul about Renton. "She's hold in years, but she's young at 'art, Miss; she'll carry you like a bird," was the coachman's opinion when he was called into the consultation. And then Laurie had a vast tankard brought to him, and refreshed himself after his long walk. When Mr. Ponsonby retired, the cousins stepped out again on to the lawn, and Mary looked on and talked while Laurie had his cigar. The moon, which was half over and late of rising, began to lighten slowly upward, shining upon the river far below, while they were still left in darkness on the higher bank. "It is so strange to think that we are all on the brink of a new life," Mary said, as she gazed down through an opening in the trees upon that silvery gleam, which was framed in by the dark, rustling branches.

"Are we?" said Laurie, with a kind of echo in his voice. Somehow he had taken his life awry, by the wrong corner, and there did not seem vigor enough left in him to care for a new beginning—at least for himself.

"Laurie," she said, encouraged by the darkness. He had thrown himself down in a garden-chair, and was visible only as a shadow, with a red point of cigar indicating his face; while she stood leaning on one of the lower branches of the lime-tree which framed in that glimpse of the light below. Their voices had the softened, mysterious sound which such a moment gives, and as neither of them was happy enough to draw new delight out of the influence of the night, both of them, by natural necessity, grew a little sad. "Laurie," Mary said, and faltered. "Sometimes I think I should like to know a little about you. I do know something about the others—even Ben—but you have always been a mystery to me since you first went away."

"I don't think I am much of a mystery," said Laurie, not moving from his chair.

"But you are a mystery," Mary repeated, with a little eagerness. "I don't know what has come to you—whether it is love, or whether it is loss—don't be angry, Laurie."

"It might be love and loss, too," he said, with a little laugh, which was not cheerful, and then he rose and tossed away his cigar. "What if I were to say you were a mystery, too?" he continued, not knowing how Mary's cheeks burned in the darkness. "We are all, I suppose; and my poor old father that meant to do so well for us, and tossed us all abroad to scramble anyhow for life—what do you say to that for a mystery, Mary? and here is the moment coming to prove which of us is preferred and which condemned. I am the poor fellow with one talent, who laid it up in the napkin. If he had not been so mean as to abuse his master, I think I should have sympathized with that poor wretch."

"I cannot say I sympathize with him," cried Mary, woman-like. "To be able to do, and not to do, that is what I cannot understand. But you have not hid your talent in a napkin, Laurie. I wish you had a better opinion of yourself."

Upon which Laurie laughed, and drew her hand through his arm, and the two strayed together, silent, down under the shadow of the trees toward the opening which looked on the river. The moon, creeping higher every moment, began to thread through the bewildering maze of branches with lines and links of silver; and there was always that one brilliant spot in the midst of the river, far below them, shining like burnished silver, scarcely dimpling under the moonbeams, which seemed to swell as well as glorify the rather scanty water. Their hearts were full of wistfulness and dreams. The world lay all as dark before them as those rustling, breathing woods, with,

for one, a brightness in the future which might or might not—most probably should not—ever be attained; and, for the other, only some fanciful, silvery thread twining through the sombre life. They paused, arm-in-arm, by that beech-tree at the corner where Ben and Mary had paused when he was last at home, and where he had shot that arrow at her—as she said to herself—of which she could still feel the point. But Laurie was very different from Ben. No spark of emotion went from one soul to the other as they stood so close and so kindly together. They were the parallel lines that never meet—both thinking their own thoughts, each with a sigh that was not all pain, contemplating the well-known road behind them, the invisible path before—and all the world around lying dark and light, stirring softly, breathing softly, in the long, speechless vigil which we call night.

Next day Mr. Ponsonby went over the home-farm and all the neighborly land, inspecting every thing, looking to farms, farm-buildings, drainage, timber—all the necessities of the estate. Mary rode by his side on Fairy, who verified the coachman's verdict, and carried her mistress like a bird—at least as nearly like a bird as Mary wished. Laurie had gone back to town that morning by the train. When his cousin returned to luncheon, freshened and roused by her ride, it seemed to her almost as if the new life had already begun. The work-people who had been sent for from town had arrived with a van full of upholstery—bales of fresh, pretty chintz for "the boys' rooms," and new furniture for the extempore nursery. An air of movement was diffused about the whole house. The flood which had swept over Renton, almost engulfing the peace of the family, was almost over—the waters were going down—the household ark standing fast, and the saved ones beginning to appear at the long-closed windows. Such were Mary's feelings as she went with her aunt for that inevitable drive. To-day the hedge-rows were not so monotonous, the dust less stifling; and, when they met Mr. Ponsonby on his cob, with the bailiff in attendance, the returning life rose into a sparkle and glow in Mary's face.

"Her ride has done her no end of good," Mr. Ponsonby cried, waving his hand as he rode past.

"Good?" said Mrs. Renton; "was there any thing the matter with you, Mary? I am sure, if there is any good in riding, I wonder Dr. Mixton has never recommended it to me."

And then the two drove on, as they had been driving, Mary thought, all these seven long years.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ISOUARD'S CINDERELLA.

"I TELL you that your new opera will be a success. Why you will insist on locking it up in your desk I cannot imagine—a strange freak, certainly," said the learned associate director of the Paris Conservatory, the successor of Piccini, Pierre Alexandre Monsigny, to his friend and pupil Nicolo Isouard, as he turned the key on the score of "Cinderella." "This music would bring you more applause from the Parisians than you have any idea of, believe me. What do you hold it back for, my friend? We have a most excellent orchestra—think what a violinist we have in Joly, what a cellist in Olivier Aubert, and then in Xavier Lefevre, what a master of the clarinet. And where will you find in the whole world such singers as our Garat, as Bianchi, and Gavadeau, and then our prime donne—"

"Hold, hold!" interrupted the youthful composer, "I know what you would say. I have no right to ask for better voices—Madame St. Aubin is, certainly, so far as her art is concerned, all that could be desired, and, as for her years, I would forget them since the public no longer counts them; but what I for my "Cinderella" must and will have is a tiny something that not one of our prime donne possesses, and without which my opera would inevitably fail."

"And what is that?"

"Cinderella's foot."

Monsigny laughed. "You are a simpleton, Nicolo! Do you think the public will look at a singer's foot rather than listen to your charming music?"

"You, perhaps, would not, but you are not Paris. First charm the capricious public with Cinderella's foot, and then they would be in a mood to do the music justice."

"But I think they all have passable feet—St. Aubin, Candille, little Crespi, and all the others. And then there is Graffini, the idol of the

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public—true, she is not a Parisian—she sings so well, that one could excuse her for having even a flat foot. In your interest, I will, this evening, at St. Aubin's *soirée*, pass the feet of all of them in review. Let your sun rise fearlessly; give us your new opera. Till now you have shown the Parisians only stars. Shut your eyes and address yourself to the lovely Graffini—she won't like you any the less for it, and I shall be disappointed if she does not consent to be your Cinderella."

"I would sooner burn my opera!" cried Nicolo, passionately; then, pressing his master's hand, and murmuring a hasty "*Au revoir*," he left the room.

Monsigny was right—the operas that his favorite pupil had thus far submitted to the public were not works of extraordinary merit. At least, none of them had achieved a very decided success.

Nicolo Isouard was a native of the island of Malta, and the only son of one of the grand-master's chamberlains. He had been compelled to cultivate his musical taste and talent secretly, for his father looked upon the art as only a profitless pastime. He destined his son for the navy, and, as far as possible, deprived him of every opportunity to gratify his musical inclinations. But a powerful protector presented himself in the person of the Commander of the Order of Malta. Himself a great lover of music, Constant de Campion recognized the extraordinary talent of the boy Nicolo, and seconded his wishes in a variety of ways. He took him and his father to Paris, at his own expense, had him taught the piano, and took him frequently to the opera, where it afforded Campion peculiar pleasure to witness the naive enthusiasm of his youthful protégé.

The storms of the great revolution drove the Isouards back to Malta, when the father determined that Nicolo should abandon his musical plans and devote himself to trade. With a heavy heart the youth obeyed. He went to Palermo and Naples, and thus, unconsciously, took the road that led directly to the realization of his fondest wishes. He found ample time to devote to the study of his choice, and helping hands were not wanted in the "Land of Song" to remove whatever obstacles presented themselves in his path. But it was not until he became the pupil of Guglielmi, in Naples, that he began a systematic course of study. Now, in spite of the opposition of his father, Nicolo determined to devote his life and all his energies to the cultivation of the art he so loved. A hard struggle with his father followed, which doubtless would have ended in the complete alienation of the parent from his son, but for the conciliating tears of the mother. Campion now interceded in Nicolo's behalf, and he received permission to go to Florence and pursue his studies, but only under his Christian name.

At last he was unfettered—his first opera appeared, "*L'Avviso ai Maritati*," and was well received. After he finished an opera seria, "*Artaserse*," Campion, proud of the success of his protégé, called him to Malta as organist of the Order, and leader of the orchestra. This was an agreeable and lucrative position, the duties of which left him ample time for composition. The grand-master and the young composer's faithful mother now rejoiced greatly to see him so well started on the road to fame, but his father still grumbled, and could not be persuaded to listen to Nicolo's delightful melodies.

The *dolce far niente* of the young conductor was, however, not to be of long duration. When the Order was dissolved, the French left Malta, and Nicolo accompanied General Vaubris, who took a lively interest in his welfare, to Paris as his secretary. Now for the first time the young composer found himself with surroundings that left nothing to be desired. Monsigny and Colbry were his teachers, and nothing could surpass the conscientiousness, the industry, and grateful modesty with which he followed the instructions of his masters.

In quick succession he now produced the operettas, "*Fanchon*," "*Les Confidences*," "*Le Médecin Turc*," "*L'Impromptu de Campagne*," "*Le Billet de Lotterie*," "*Un Jour à Paris*," and many others. A charming ease, fire, and grace, characterized all his melodies. The Parisians began to compare Nicolo Isouard with the composer of the "*Caliph of Bagdad*," the then imperial musical director at St. Petersburg, Adrian Boieldieu, who, it is true, at that time, had not displayed all his extraordinary powers. He had not yet produced "*La Dame Blanche*," which made him the demi-god of the Parisians. And yet, strange as it may appear, the operas of the young Maltese had not any one of them produced a veritable sensation. This made the naturally excitable and impetuous composer melancholy and impatient; and

then his manner toward the singers, especially the ladies, was not calculated to make him popular; it was somewhat proud and reserved, which gained for him the sobriquet of "*Le Prince de Catane*," after one of his little operas.

He had, indeed, little fondness for female society, and for that reason avoided, as much as possible, all festive gatherings. One *salon* only possessed for him an irresistible attraction—the *salon* of the gifted pianist, Madame Gail. And how patient the fair Sophie was with the moody Nicolo! This lovely music-enthusiast never wearied of speaking words of consolation to her melancholy friend. She was as patient as a mother, as cheerful as a sister, as devoted as a mistress, and as unselfish as a friend. How often, when she was at the piano and he came, would she continue to play! She saw at a glance that he had not come to talk, but to be near one who sympathized with him and understood him.

At such times, he would place a chair near her, and, resting his head pensively on his hand, listen in silence. Now and then he would glance at the delicate figure, and the fresh, cheerful face before him, receiving, perhaps, in return, a sweet smile and a sympathetic look that seemed to say, "You are welcome!" Silently as he came, he would take his leave; but the clouds that hung over him had been dispelled, and sweet melodies busied his imagination. The tie that united Isouard and Sophie Gail was such a one as we frequently see exist between distinguished men and women, and which the multitude cannot understand—a tie more delicate than the most delicate love; more self-sacrificing than the most devoted friendship—a middle something between the two, as calm and beautiful as an Italian landscape, as eternal as the blue heavens.

On the day he left Monsigny with his hasty "*Au revoir*," he went to the lodgings of his angelic consoler. Finding her, as usual, at the piano, he placed the score of his "*Cinderella*" silently before her. She turned over page after page slowly, and played the more pleasing melodies.

"Why did the bewitching Mademoiselle Phillis follow Boieldieu into the cold north?" said she, jestingly. "She would have been a Cinderella, who, with her voice and feet, would have turned the heads of all the men, young as well as old."

"Or why have you no voice? The golden shoe would fit no foot better than yours," said he, casting an admiring glance at a genuine French foot that, in a dainty satin slipper, rested on the pedal of the piano.

"This evening we will together take the measure of the feet of the Paris nightingales," returned Sophie Gail, smiling. "We must and will find a Cinderella for the fastidious Prince of Catane. Patience, my liege!"

The *soirée* of Madame St. Aubin was this evening more numerously attended than usual. An artist who was rarely present was expected: Crescentini, the universal favorite, wanted to sing once more in the circle of his artist friends before leaving Paris. All who, at that time, in the Paris world of art had a name, were present. Rarely if ever, has there been more fame and beauty collected within so narrow walls. The hostess did the honors with a grace peculiar to herself, and it was impossible to resist the fascination of her manner, or to discover the delicate lines that Time, the most awkward and ungallant of all designers, had made on her handsome brow. She moved about like a fairy, winning every heart by the sweetness of her smile, in her little *salons*, as she did on the stage.

Her voice had lost but very little in compass and fullness, and this little her excellent method and finished acting perfectly concealed from the general public. Always fresh, always animated, and always amiable, this remarkable woman still held the first place in the affections and admiration of the Parisians against all rivals. And yet it was said of her, that she had moments of the deepest melancholy; that night and day she was haunted by a horrid spectre—the spectre of approaching age. The thought that the day was not far distant when she would be forced to say farewell to youth and beauty, and to give place to others, and the visions of gray hairs, faded lips, and wrinkles that haunted her, drove her, at times, almost to despair.

With studious care she removed every surrounding that could remind her of her age; she attended no reunions of her early acquaintances, she did not allow her birthday to be mentioned, much less to be celebrated, and she indulged in no reminiscences of her youth. No one could live more in the present than did Madame St. Aubin; every

day was enjoyed by her to the full, as though it were to be her last. Her husband bore with these eccentricities and with her often feverish vivacity of manner with great equanimity, and was, fortunately, so well preserved as not to be to his beautiful wife a disagreeable reminder of the past.

His only real grief was caused by his separation from his only child, whose rapid growth Madame St. Aubin feared would betray her age. The education of the lovely Alexandrine had, therefore, been intrusted to other hands. In the breast of Madame St. Aubin was gradually developed the strangest contest. The mother rejoiced to see her daughter budding into a splendid womanhood, and the woman of the world shrank at the thought of having near her so formidable a rival. So she did violence to her maternal love and intrusted her child to an intimate friend in Auteuil, the once celebrated cantatrice, Lemelle, who had retired from the scene of her triumphs, and lived, at her charming chateau, beside a devoted and highly accomplished husband. This gifted woman loved her godchild with all the tenderness of a mother. Here Alexandrine St. Aubin was carefully instructed in every womanly accomplishment, growing up in that ignorance and innocence of the ways and wiles of the world peculiar to the daughters of the better French families. The friends of the Lamelles, the artists, who occasionally visited them in their retirement, supposed Alexandrine to be a relation. Madame St. Aubin visited her daughter seldom; when she did visit her, however, she overwhelmed her with caresses and loaded her with presents. The period of Alexandrine's exile was extended from year to year, at which no one rejoiced so much as the Lemelles. Monsieur St. Aubin, on the contrary, was frequently at Auteuil, and often took his darling daughter secretly to Paris, when Alexandrine slept in a room adjoining that of her old *bonne*, who wept tears of joy as often as she saw "her dear Allie," while Madame St. Aubin was kept ignorant of what a charming guest they had under their roof.

The daughter was told that her mother did not wish her to make her *début* in society before she attained her twentieth year, and the innocent country girl often sighed in secret that this important era in her life should be reached so slowly.

Her love for her father was unbounded; he was her friend, her playmate, her cheerful comrade, and her confidant. To him alone she sang her little *arias*, with him she played ball by the hour, and for Monsieur St. Aubin no *fête* had such charms as a *tête-à-tête* with his daughter; to him nothing was so beautiful as she, no voice so sweet as hers—to him all else was as naught compared with the blonde Alexandrine.

The aged Gretry was at the piano, and Crescentini sang Blondel's romance:

"O, Richard, O mon roi
Tout l'univers t'abandonne—"

The most profound silence reigned in the *salon* of Madame St. Aubin; every thought and every emotion had given place to those inspired by the wonderful song.

It is a peculiarly delicate and difficult thing to do to speak of the tone of a voice that long since has died away; to describe a sound, the most fleeting and intangible of things. And yet there are voices and instruments the tones of which possess a certain magic that in some measure renders them tangible, and makes them the heritage of after-generations—they resound through centuries, we hear them in fancy and in our dreams, as others will hear them who shall come after us. The violins of Tartini and of Paganini are not silent, nor will they ever be; they are—like the voices of Stradella, Farinelli, Crescentini, Faustina, Mara, Malibran, and others—immortal.

Crescentini was already *maître de chant couronné* of the imperial family of Austria, the idol of Italy, and the favorite of Napoleon. His wonderful voice, so soft and yet so powerful, the faintest tones of which were capable of bringing tears to eyes that had long since forgotten how to weep, was never better. Crescentini was a tall man, with an expressive face rather than handsome; his manner was exceedingly pleasing, and he was very susceptible to female beauty. When he sang Zingarelli's Romeo-aria—

"Ombra adorata aspetta"—

he touched the hearts of the most insensible, and all the women were at his feet.

And how radiant were all the bright eyes now as he sang! A cir-

cle of charming figures formed, like a wreath of roses, at a little distance, around the small piano. The beautiful Graffini, with her classic profile and Juno-like figure, stood nearest to him on the right; then came the two Crespi, mother and daughter, "two roses and one stem," the charming Madame Barbier, whose *coloratura* was likened to a string of the purest pearls; and the two rivals, Candelle and Garbini. On the left stood the hostess, not unlike one of the elegant figures of Watteau or Lesueur, answering with a delicious smile a whisper of Mehul, on whose arm she carelessly leaned. In a corner opposite the singer, sat, pale and trembling with emotion, Madame Gail; Monsigny was near her, and Isouard stood behind her chair. Leaning against the mantel, stood the then most sought-after of singing-teachers, Madame Gazon Lefevre, at one time a brilliant star on the horizon of the Paris opera, while near her sat the once beautiful and much courted Madame de Genlis, formerly the governess of the children of the Duke of Orleans, and the vainest writer of memoirs in the world—She found time, in spite of Crescentini's song, to pose her pretty hand advantageously on her velvet robe, to give Joly, who stood behind her, an opportunity to admire it. Younger and older, more and less notable artists stood around in groups, listening with visible emotion to the wonderful tones of the singer's voice. Hardly had he finished, when the delighted listeners pressed around him, and literally overwhelmed him with praise and thanks.

It was in this confusion that Nicolo leaned forward and whispered to his fair friend: "Good-night. I am going to burn my score. The only Cinderella here, in all this assembly, is—a nightingale—that does not sing."

Without waiting for a reply, he turned away, and, lost in thought, sauntered from room to room through half-open doors and dimly lighted corridors, in search of the stairs. Had he lost his way?

At this moment a bright light shone through a door that stood ajar, and at the same time he heard one of the sweetest of female voices sing, *mezzo-voce*, a few bars of a little aria out of one of his own operas, "Le Rendez-vous Bourgeois." He listened a moment, amazed. The voice stopped singing and said:

"Do you hear, papa? I shall soon be able to sing it as well as Barbier. But, come, let us play on. Never mind, papa, don't look for the old ball any longer—you won't find it—it has fallen behind some of the furniture. I have something here that will do for a substitute. It is your turn—look out!" And a moment afterward a silvery laugh resounded through the room as a male voice said:

"*Carissimo mio*, how awkward you are!"

Isouard, without knowing well what he did, approached and looked through the half-open door. A charming picture presented itself to his view. A young girl, who had only just passed the age of childhood, dressed in white, with long blond curls hanging down her back, stood in the middle of the room, laughing and holding her hands extended in the position of a ball-player. Opposite her, in the attitude of a cavalier, stood Monsieur St. Aubin, his face beaming with delight. A tiny red something flew at this moment from his hands toward the young girl, who caught it cleverly.

How her thin lips glowed over her white teeth—how her large eyes shone with animation—how graceful was every line of her faultless figure!

Who would not have felt an irresistible desire to see more of this charming picture? Mechanically, the composer of "Cinderella" pushed the door open and thrust his head into the luxurious little boudoir. He was greeted with a sudden cry—if greeting it could be called—and, as quick as thought, the little pink something flew with unerring aim, and struck him on the nose.

The scene changed in a trice. Monsieur St. Aubin stood beside his friend, the young composer, stammering all sorts of excuses, hardly able to resist his inclination to laugh, however, while Alexandrine quickly vanished behind one of the window-curtains. Isouard held his unfortunate nose with one hand, while with the other he picked up the little pink something that had fallen before him—namely, a tiny little satin slipper.

Radiant with delight, he turned to Monsieur St. Aubin and asked, in a tone trembling with emotion:

"Does she, who a few moments ago trilled like a dreaming nightingale, wear this slipper?"

"Yes, it belongs to my roguish daughter," was the reply of the proud father.

"Come here, Mademoiselle Mischievous, and confess that you are

the rightful owner of this slipper, and that you are the veriest little wanton living."

And now was enacted just such a little scene as we read of in the charming fairy-tale of "Cinderella." The fascinating Alexandrine came out timidly from her hiding-place. Her cheeks were suffused in scarlet, but she was more beautiful if possible than in her wantonness. She took her slipper from the hand of the composer; her little foot, in its white-silk stocking, crept out from under the hem of her dress and into it, just as Cinderella's did into the golden slipper of the prince. Then, raising her eyes, she reached Isouard her hand, and asked:

"Will you pardon me, monsieur, for having hurt you? I couldn't help it—your sudden appearance frightened me so."

In reply, Nicolo fell on one knee, with the grace of a French cavalier of the seventeenth century, pressed Mademoiselle St. Aubin's little hand to his lips, and cried:

"Pardon you! Had I ten noses, you might throw your slipper at them all! This is the most fortunate day of my life. Now I will not burn my opera. Heaven bless the bewitching Cinderella of Nicolo Isouard!"

The immense sensation the first representation of Isouard's "Cinderella" made in Paris, with the youthful Mademoiselle St. Aubin in the title-rôle, is well known to musicians at least. But it would be difficult to tell which excited most enthusiasm, the little feet of the *débütante*, her great beauty, her charming voice, or the delicious music of the composer. Nicolo was right in withholding his score as long as he did.

The court was not less enthusiastic than the people. The reputation of the composer was established beyond question. Mehul embraced him; Gretry called him his rival; Boieldieu wrote him a letter couched in the most flattering terms; and the bed-ridden Cherubini begged the bewitching Cinderella to come to him, that he might hear her sweet voice in some of the melodies of the fortunate opera, and at the same time steal a glance at her tiny feet.

"The little siren is the very embodiment of your music," said the celebrated composer of "Matrimonio Segreto." "She has the fire of an Italian and the grace of a Frenchwoman. It does me good to hear your Cinderella, and—to see her!"

What transpired behind the scenes—in the house of the St. Aubins—before the handsome mother submitted to the rivalry of her daughter, history does not state. It is certain, however, that the mother triumphed signally over the woman.

Madame St. Aubin was among her daughter's first and most enthusiastic admirers, and later became her most zealous teacher. There was only one in the delighted audience of the Opéra Comique on this memorable occasion who evinced greater joy at the brilliant success of the young *cantatrice* than her mother—and that one was the happy father.

Alexandrine St. Aubin subsequently married the celebrated violinist Joly, and died comparatively recently, at the advanced age of seventy-five. Time, the most merciless, most pitiless of destroyers, had robbed her of every thing she held dear—relations, friends, voice, beauty. One charm only remained to her—the tiny foot of Cinderella.

À LA DAME À LA VOILE NOIRE.

AS Night, the rosy-bosomed hills enfolding,
Softens their tracery in her weird embrace,
So, more ethereal grew the matchless moulding
Of thy pure, earnest, spiritual face,
Most pensive maid,
Beneath the shade
Of that strange veil of melancholy lace.

Art thou an abbess, gliding from the chancel
Where Eloïsa poured her soul and prayed,
From her late-granted quiet called to cancel
Some debt of Christian charity unpaid
In years ago,

When the midnight tone
Of Death's cold angel made her soul afraid?

Or, art thou but a type of Death's own essence—
Unearthly Beauty, whose dark borderings
Turn our hearts chill and trembling at her presence,
And make us slaves who straightway shall be kings,
But if some heavenly gale
Lift up the veil
Forthwith we're ravished with Death's inner things?

Perchance thou art a beautiful temptation—
Some mystic bodiment of mortal sin,
Like her, who in the veil of consecration
Mixed with the orisons of the Capuchin,
Him nightly wooing,
To his undoing,
Till to his lost soul Satan entered in!

Thou art too beautiful—I'll look no longer!
For be thou woman, fantasy, or sprite,
A spell is sinking over me that's stronger
Than silence in the middle watch of night—
For good or evil—
From saint or devil—
I cannot lift my eyes to read aright!

GLEANINGS.

REPROOF.—It is not safe to tell kings their faults. When Cambyzes asked Prexaspes what the Persians thought of him, the answer was, that they thought very well of him, except that he was given to hard drinking. "Would you feel qualified," replied the king, pointing to the courtier's son, who was standing near the door, "to contradict the opinion of the Persians, if my fondness for wine has left me sufficient steadiness to send an arrow through the heart of your boy?" The arrow was discharged with fatal accuracy, and the poor bereaved father, in order to save his own head, was obliged to confess that not even a god could shoot so well.

AGRICULTURE IN GREECE.—The husbandman is obliged to take his grain to a government magazine (sometimes a distance of ten miles) and wait there with his family, watching and defending it, until the whole produce of the district has been collected. At length a tenth is taken by the tax-gatherer, and the husbandman returns home with the rest. Thus, merely in order to enable the government to collect its tithe, three months, at an average, are thus employed; for three entire months the whole agricultural population is kept from home, living, *sub Jove*, in idleness and discomfort.—*Western Review*.

HANDEL.—When Handel's "Messiah" was first performed, the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general, but, when the chorus struck up—"For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," they were so transported that they all together, with the king (who happened to be present), started up, and remained standing till the chorus ended; and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing.—*Forbes's Life of Beattie*.

RUDOLPH II.—Throughout his reign of thirty-six years, Rudolph II. of Austria neglected all the business of government, to shut himself up in his palace, in company with his coins and pictures, his pet lions, leopards, and eagles; his mechanists, alchemists, and magicians. He was acquainted with six languages, and was versed in mathematics, mechanics, and physical science, and yet more in astrology, magic, and alchemy. The first important picture-gallery was collected by him.

FIDELITY.—The alcalde of Oyarzun, put a smuggler, who had been arrested, to the torture, as the law required, in order ostensibly to discover the name of the capitalist who secretly supported him. The capitalist in question was the judge himself, who rightly reckoned upon the fidelity of his accomplice.—*Hugo*.

SOUTHERN SKETCHES.

I.

OF all the privileges that have been conferred by the Act of Emancipation upon the negroes of the South, or that have resulted logically to them from that momentous measure, not one, perhaps, is more highly enjoyed than that of travel. The Fifteenth Amendment is yet but imperfectly understood by its immediate beneficiaries, and to the large majority of adults among them "the letters Cadmus gave" (which, according to Lord Byron and the old code of the Southern States, were never meant for slaves) are so many agencies of torture. A venerable story, which may be traced back to the Greeks, is related of the negroes—that they are convinced that the monkey was originally endowed with the faculty of speech, but cunningly refrained from using it, lest "de white man put a hoe in he hand, and send him to de 'bacco-field." But between the alphabet and the "bacco-field" Sam or Dinah, at the age of thirty, would not hesitate for a moment. So that they do not rate very highly, in this early day of their freedom, the blessing of the common schools; nor is the inestimable right of a freeman to choose his rulers appreciated by them half so much as the right to go where they please.

The change which has been brought about by the new order of things is effectively presented in Mr. Sheppard's pair of pictures of "Going to Wife's House." The reader's attention is respectfully directed to Sam—a. d. 1858, let us say—on his way to see Dinah. It is Saturday evening. The natural landscape is subordinated to the figure, and is neither here nor there; but the time is the decline of day, and the mellow rays of the setting sun fall upon Sam's coon-skin cap. Sam is jolly. His meditations *en route* are directed chiefly to the 'possum and hominy which he knows the dusky partner of his bosom is preparing for his supper. He has ten miles to go, and, lest the rough road may abrade his new shoes, he carries them carefully in his hand. The bag upon his back contains his Sunday suit, in which he proposes to "stand and shine" to-morrow. And so he trudges along, without a thought of what a revolution in his affairs a few years



"Going to Wife's House."—Old Style.

will accomplish, and what an important factor he is to become in the equation of government.

But "the whirligig of time brings about its revenges," we are told; and the reader is here introduced to Mr. Harris—Samuel Harris, Esq. (colored)—who is "going to wife's house," and is purchasing his railroad ticket for that purpose, as a free citizen. Mr. Harris

has removed to town, and become a prominent member of the association known as the "Rising Sons of Ham," whose banner displays the rising sun on one side, and a ham of bacon on the other. He has employment at the hotel opened for the special accommodation of his



"Going to Wife's House."—New Style.

race, called, by a pleonasm, the "Maison-Dorée House;" and he asserts his freedom by smoking a domestic cigar in the depot, in disregard of rule. The pendent watch-seal, the carpet-bag, the fashionable coat, the air, the *tout ensemble*, of Mr. Harris, render evident what an advance he has made in becoming a voter. Mrs. Diana Harris is yet a dweller in the country, and remains upon the plantation where she lived as a chattel, her mind having but vaguely and partially recognized her elevation in the social scale. But Mrs. Harris is not insensible to the delights of railroad travel, and she performs frequent journeys of four miles, to the next station and back again, for the mere enjoyment of locomotion. Indeed, her first contract for wages with "ole marce," at seven dollars a month, was concluded with direct reference to this indulgence. "I done 'clude to take seven dollars," said Mrs. Harris to a sister (colored), in a spirit of confidence, "kase I kin do a heap of ridin' on de car for dat, I 'spects."

The reader will see Mrs. Harris in the following drawing. She stands in the doorway of the log cabin, or negro-quarter, in a pose as statuesque as the sculptures of the antique. The unstudied grace of her attitude, and the languid satisfaction she derives from the personal rencontre going on before her, are in lively contrast with the startled look and manifest concern of Aunt Judy, who sits on the bench in front of the cabin. Mrs. Harris is fortunate in the constancy of her lord, for not all the Pollys and Dinahs of the South have retained the affections of their husbands, many of whom have an idea that the Fifteenth Amendment operated a general divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, and have given up "going to wife's house" altogether.

The intelligent reader is supposed to be familiar with Gustave Doré, and will be able readily to recall that artist's characteristic sketch of "Spanish Boys playing at Bull-fighting." If not, it is respectfully requested that the intelligent reader will turn to that illustration of mimic taurumachy before reverting to the dark scene of single combat which is here delineated. The daring French limner makes one of the boys play bull. In this drawing both the boys are playing bull. It is a favorite diversion with the little negro boys in the country, and is carried on with all the animation of a joust between Lancelot and Galahad, while the little woolly Guineveres and Isolts sit by and grin approval of their prowess. The torn caps of

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A Butting Match.

the small darkeys have been thrown into the arena as gauntlets of defiance, and they have gone at it with heads level to the occiput. Who shall hit hardest, is the only question that concerns them; and, reckless of consequences, caring little that shirt and trousers will be rent by the strain, they rush at each other like the Homeric heroes on the plains of windy Troy. It is in the very temper of the brave spirit the poet celebrates—

"Whoever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free heart, free forehead"—

especially the free forehead. For you shall pause and look upon one of these butting-matches, and you shall hear no noise, save the sharp, heavy shocks of the skulls as they strike each other, like the spear of Ajax coming full upon the beamy helm of Hector, and an occasional grunt, half suppressed. It is a case of no cry and a great deal of wool.

But Judy is alarmed at the violence of the combatants. "Dar! dar! 'Clar if de chile ain't gwine bust he head open! You, Dave—you, Ginger—stop your foolishness dis minnit—you hear me?" Dave and Ginger do *not* hear—they have put their heads together in earnest, and their angle of incidence admits of no reflection; and, as has often happened before, when two crowns are in conflict, they will listen neither to entreaty nor expostulation. Like bulls with locked horns, they stand motionless for a moment—the exact moment when the artist has caught them, and drawn their leaning figures in a manner that Mr. Thackeray would have been delighted with, as suggesting an animated, antagonistic, and appropriately-absurd accidental A for the initial letter of the first sentence of one of his chapters in "The Virginians." Dave and Ginger will butt it out in good temper, and Aunt Judy need not be "oneasy in her mind." When an irresistible meets an immovable, there occurs a collision, the consequence of which is never disastrous, and the butting-match will result in no injury to either party.

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORK.

THE authors of the present age seem overworked. I speak here particularly of the writers of romances, novels, stories in the magazines, and "miscellany." The soil is cropped so rapidly and continuously that the quality of the grain is deteriorating. There is

plenty still; but it does not make good bread—healthful nutriment. Or, to change the figure, the milk is skimmed too often, and no cream rises—or but a thin species of apology for cream. What our authors need most is, I think, a calm and healthful idleness, giving the brain time to recuperate and collect its energies.

The only recommendation of the mode of composition here spoken of—the rapid and continuous driving on under whip and spur—is the quantity which is said to be the result. As to *quality*, that is rarely claimed to be one of its merits. Quantity is not so great a point, it might be said in reply—one diamond is more valuable than a whole wagon-load of pebbles, or many wagon-loads. But there is serious reason to believe that not even the negative advantage of large production is achieved by the headlong, "slapdash" method of writing. A book is a journey, beginning at "Chapter I," and ending at "Finis." The journey cannot be made in a day, any more than you can walk a hundred miles between sunrise and sunset. Now the wise pedestrian does not break down his strength by over-exertion. He times himself, and allows full space to recuperate. He walks ten miles *per diem*, and in ten days is at the end of his journey; while the injudicious walker, trying to walk twenty miles the first day, is "knocked up" for many days thereafter. Actual *time* is lost thus by the hurrying process, and it might be added that much greater evils result. The wise traveller enjoyed every thing which met his eye on his journey—the green fields, the flowers, the faces of children, and the sunshine. The other went on headlong, having no time for such trifles. His eyes were fixed upon "Finis"—the end of his journey—and he saw none of the beautiful scenes through which he passed.

It is astonishing how much is accomplished by the *steady* method of doing any thing—the "jog-trot" process, as opposed to the "spasmodic." The result in the production of books will probably startle some readers; and, if they have met with Bulwer's statement that he wrote but three hours a day, I can fancy their incredulity. It is incredible, they will say, that this long list of volumes, from "Falkland" and "Pelham" to "My Novel" and the "Strange Story," could have been written by one man, working but three hours a day. And yet nothing is susceptible of easier proof. Say that an author, in his three hours of work, produces ten pages of manuscript of letter-paper size, or twenty pages of note-paper size. That is not a difficult task, and I think it is less than authors generally write in the time mentioned. Now I am not going to assume that a man will be able to

write twenty pages of manuscript on every working-day from the age of twenty to threescore-and-ten, and astound you, worthy reader, with the result—some three hundred thousand pages, or three hundred volumes! Such a calculation would be absurd in every view. But it is not absurd to say that, with every drawback, a man may work at his pen three hours a day, for four days in the week, during one-half of each year. That, you will perceive, leaves him six months in the year for idleness, other business, or sickness, two days in each week of the other six months for the same, and all the Sundays. Now let us make the computation—or, to save you the trouble, here is the result: Three hours' work, four days in the week, for half the year, would result in two thousand pages of manuscript—two ordinary duodecimo volumes of four or five hundred pages each, which are, I think, as much as any author ought to publish in one year. Now, say that this rate of production is kept up from the age of thirty to the age of fifty only—that is to say, during the prime and vigor of a man's faculties—which would give the writer thirty years of absolute leisure—ten before thirty, and twenty after fifty—in addition to his resting-spells of six months in each year, and three days in each week. The result of those twenty years' work will be forty thousand pages of manuscript, or forty volumes—as many nearly as Sir Walter Scott produced, and certainly as many as any one human being, however great his genius, has the right to inflict upon the reading portion of his fellow-creatures.

An author who has published forty volumes may—to leave this part of my subject—be regarded as *voluminous*; and he has become voluminous, not spasmodically, and with a shattered nervous system, but healthfully, with a rosy face and excellent digestion, by three hours' leisurely work during two-thirds of his working-days, for one-half of each year during less than one-third of his life.

I should place this discussion, however, upon a very low level, indeed, if I dwell exclusively upon this point of the amount of work merely which moderate and continuous toil accomplishes. The great argument for moderation is the avoidance of what we may call the wear and tear of the mental machinery. I have often observed persons unaccustomed to hard physical exertion—cutting wood, spading, or lifting heavy weights—break down in a very short time from the very *rush* and haste with which they went at it. The laborer beside them worked slowly, steadily, and without excitement, accomplishing thrice the work, and remaining unfatigued comparatively; while the amateur accomplished far less, and completely exhausted himself. Now, the author who dashes ahead, hour after hour, under a high pressure of steam, speedily wears himself out. The nervous system cannot stand such a strain upon it. The writer grows peevish and fretful, does not enjoy or digest his dinner, "feels wretchedly," don't know what to make of it, and will by no means be persuaded that his own irrational conduct is the cause of his suffering, that he has taxed his mental machine beyond its strength, and so broken down that other machine, with which it is connected—the body.

The temptation, with most authors, to write under this high pressure, is, no doubt, very great. The literary faculty is an excitable faculty. The mind becomes worked up, and the kindling conception soon wraps it in a blaze. The whole man is aroused, spurred, driven, as it were, to his work; and, like a locomotive under a full head of steam, and once running, he cannot run slowly, or stop easily. Now I am not going to force every thing to support my argument—if this train of reflections I am recording can be called an argument—and I do not deny that in some departments of writing this impulsive method accomplishes much. The eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, is a sharp, far-seeing eye, and discerns many things which calmer optics quite lose sight of. I have no doubt that in *dramatic* works this excitement and high-strung condition of every faculty produces great results. Some men are born with that peculiar dramatic faculty; they live in the scenes which their imaginations depict, hear their personages speak, see all, enter into all; and the pen runs with wild rapidity over the page, where passion, wit, humor, what the French call *verve*, riot in tropical luxuriance. Some writers, I say, possess by nature this fortunate or unfortunate gift. They cannot help becoming excited while they are writing; and it is undeniable that the result of their "fine frenzy" is often immensely moving, entertaining, or exciting to their fellow-creatures. But, as to the man himself, the faculty is unfortunate. Such writing wears out the machine. The newspapers contained, the other day, a letter from Mr. Dickens, in which he spoke of his condition while only maturing in his mind a new story. The excitement, he says, drove him to wander about like a ghost in strange

places and deserted parts of London, and the very conception of his new volume made him pale and "haggard." Sir Walter Scott spoke, in conversation with Captain Hall, of his own hard brain-work—it was "killing the horse," he said. I suppose that many classes of literary men—editors, journalists, and "writers for the press" generally—are as irrational as Scott, and as careless of their health as Dickens. They grow haggard, and kill the horse; brain-fever, paralysis, or heart-disease, terminates their career.

It is true that there are constitutions so gigantic, with thews knit with a strength so enormous, that they can stand any thing. I fancy that Lope de Vega must have been such a man; and Dumas, the old French romancer, with his apparently inexhaustible capacity for pen-work, must have a mighty vigor of mind and body to have borne the strain upon him during so many years. His fellow-romancer Sue would have utterly broken down under a tenth part of the work—and the literary habits of this last-named writer contain a valuable lesson. When he commenced writing, he was a worn-out *roué*, who had spent his fortune in wild dissipation, broken down his physical constitution, and betaken himself to his pen for a support. Now, I am very far from being any great admirer of M. Eugène Sue's spasmodic, unnatural, and corrupting books—and the man himself was something of a charlatan—but I do admire his good sense. He never, under any circumstances, overworked himself. The fresh morning-hours—and very few of them—were given to composition; as soon as he grew in the least weary, the pen was laid down; and then, calling his dog, the novelist set off for a twelve-mile walk—a genuine leg-stretching, lung-inflating, oxygen-enjoying excursion—from which he returned in high spirits, with a keen appetite, for dinner, after which meal he never dreamed of touching his pen, but laughed and talked with his friends or guests until bed-time. The result was a very strong argument in favor of moderate work and physical exercise. Sue had no constitution left whatever—his wild life had completely broken his stamina—but, by working judiciously and observing the rules of health, he got through his immensely-long romances without hurting himself, or in any manner impairing his health and digestion—things almost *nil* with him.

I think the conclusions here reached are sound and just—that spasm, slapdash, headlong rush, and continuous overwork, result in evils for which no merit of the composition, and no consequent fame, can compensate the writer. And is the real charm of good writing thereby lost—I mean by deliberate, leisurely, word-selecting composition? Ask yourself if Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn Burial," with its slow, majestic music, has no charm; whether Gibbon's great periods are not superb, Washington Irving's sweet, rich humor and pathos attractive. It is said that this is an age of spasm and sensation in literature, that men read in rail-cars only, and that authors must write for that "public." But spasm and sensation are passing. Perennial is the charm of *treatment*, the subtle grace which springs from the mind's golden moods, when noise and bustle, and hurry and "high pressure," are all absent, and the thought of the brain is quietly wrought out, slowly, leisurely, in the dreamy and caressing atmosphere of fancy. Who that reads those easy, graceful, negligent, and charming "Roundabout Papers" of Thackeray, or the "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" of Washington Irving, comparing them with half the so-called "literature" of the epoch, but sees the difference between the natural and the spasmodic, between good old sherry or madeira and gin-and-water? If drunkenness is your aim, there is the gin-and-water of—so many! If mild, healthful enjoyment, there are Irving and Thackeray, with their tenderness and humor, their wit and their pathos—the mellow vintage of a ripe and unforced fancy. You taste that fine vintage drop by drop, if you are wise, and do not gulp it down. You sip it, sentence by sentence, as it were, and phrase by phrase; and the delicate aroma and exquisite flavor diffuse themselves through every faculty. There is no mistaking the quality of that wine, any more than the taste of the gin-and-water. It is the result of the first slight pressure of the fully-ripe grape, the sweet juice exuding at the merest touch, not the harsh, thin slop forced from the skin, seed, and dregs afterward. Many an author insists on dispensing that refuse-product of his mind; and many persons seem to like the beverage, as they eagerly grasp and empty the cup of gin.

Each to his fancy—you to yours, friend, if you are pleased with slop or gin-and-water. For myself, I like the old, brown sherry best, sip the rich vintage with delight, and say obstinately to myself that *that* alone is literature.

BELOW THE SURFACE.

DOWN, down a winding staircase, steep and narrow, scaly with crumbling stone, damp with all-pervading moisture, and dark with increasing depth. The column, like a tree denuded of its bark, with a cold serpent writhing about it—the wall clammy and mouldy, leaving its imprint wherever touched—the foot wavering with uncertainty, cautiously sliding forward on the broadest part of the step, and then roaming about for the next security.

Down, wearily down; with one last look at the departing upper world, momentarily growing pale, and sharp, and ghostly; clinging to what we have seen, as we advanced to what we have not seen; down, still down winds the procession of the curious, each bearing a light, irradiating a minute world about him; some with hushed and timid tones of dread, others trolling a joyous, careless song; now a German student, with desirably-scarred, duel-cut face; now a volatile Frenchman, nervous and uncomfortable; now a cultivated traveller, quiet and courteous, with a little party of ladies under his guidance; but all bent upon descent—dropping, dropping, like beads from a broken string.

To go down is not always "easy," whatever the fabled route to Avernus may have been; and after many a doubt and fear, the searcher for buried lore, the diver "below the surface," reaches the depth of his desire.

Was it a mine we came down into, to search for diamonds? Was it a buried palace, where we thought to reanimate the old light and life? I see nothing but low, narrow galleries, gray arches, and dark, forbidding walls.

Yet we must be in a city, for names are on the corners of the streets, and, on the arches of the avenue before us, flows like a river a broad, black line, to guide the traveller through this buried silence, and a black arrow points him—to what?

There are side-alleys and dark corridors, which we shudder to contemplate, and we stoop slightly, with a suffocating sense of desire to avoid the weight of the ceiling. There is no great variety of scenery on the way to charm the imagination or tempt repose; everywhere straight roads, sharp angles, impenetrably-dark arches, with the terrible black line, like the trail of the midnight above us, and the terrible black arrow, pointing us—where?

Are we in a labyrinth, and must we wander forever through this sameness of street, mocked by a different name at each sudden angle? Now we pass through squares with gigantic columns bearing up the sky; again we gaze into pits, and draw shudderingly back; we pass sentinels and guards, silent as the avenues they command, always with the gloomy black line tracing the way, and the gloomy black arrow directing us—whither?

The gallery expands into a hall, the arch lifts itself to a dome, the procession gathers itself to an assemblage, the twinkling starlight of torches becomes a concentrated illumination, the black trail is forgotten, and the black arrow purposeless, as we stand grouped before a low-browed portal, over which a motto claims respect. But neither mottoes nor inscription can compel the attention, as the eager eye peers anxiously through the opening to catch a view within. The walls seem frescoed in soft shades of brown; the cornices are a succession of simple convex surfaces brought out into relief by the torches; and varied medallions and devices complete the decoration.

We pass the entrance and stand within a new revelation of design. What a strange and sarcastic mind the artist of this silent domain has manifested in his choice of subject! Through every corridor, within every hushed embrasure, around every room, the same settled impressiveness of repetition, till the vision grows blurred, and the brain becomes bewildered in this labyrinth of similarity. We half shrink from too near approach to the walls, as we recognize their likeness to piles of human bones, and the spheres of the cornice have changed to ghastly human skulls! No cunning mimicry of Nature has ever rounded those fleshless brows, or scooped out the hollow darkness of those vanished eyes. No sculptor's art has ever cut the unwelcome truth of that hideous, sardonic jaw, or loosely hung those brown and shrunken teeth with such bitter mockery of life.

The gradual realization of the presence steals over us as we gaze upon this voiceless wonder. The life that "has been" gleams from out those dried-up wells of vision, and moves in floods of utterance from out those decayed and broken gateways. We are standing in the midst of the cast-off bones of those who lived and loved like us;

who wept, and laughed, and danced their little day, as we are weeping, and laughing, and dancing ours away.

We approach them with a humiliating sense of baffled pride, and a helpless yielding up of human will, while we pray Heaven for a safe return to our native land, that we may not hereafter serve to round a cornice or adorn a cross in the CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

There is no lack of food for thought while treading the lifeless streets of this waiting city. The careless, novelty-seeking crowd gaze into its silent avenues, and with uplifted torch cast a momentary gleam of brilliancy over the embrowned decay where reason once "sat enthroned."

From the lips of jubilant life fall the light laughter and disturbing witticism. The curious peer into the caves whence forgotten eyes sent forth the soul, or tap the fleshless cheek to try its brittleness. Lighted by the faint glimmer of fictitious day, the sombre coloring gives out its warmest tone, until, reluctantly parting with the flickering ray of the last torch, the gathered fragments are once more wrapped in the folds of darkness. How do we know what they do after we have passed? Perhaps the heads of all turn around toward each other and exchange glances of glee! Perhaps the bones of legs and arms unite and perform ghastly *pirouettes* in that background of gloom! What if they should all start up and claim their own; *six million dead*, so far outnumbering the living world above!

It is now nearly one hundred years since the old graveyard "*des Innocents*" of Paris, becoming insalubrious, it was deemed advisable to transport the remains of its overcrowded occupants to the old stone-quarries on the southern side of the city; and following, from time to time, all of the oldest cemeteries have been removed thither, each thoroughly preserving its identity, and bearing its name of old, with the date of exhumation. The long bones of the body are all piled up like sticks of wood, evenly and smoothly, with a row of skulls at top and base, and through the centre also, arranged with careful design and at accurate distances.

Above this methodical dismemberment are indiscriminately thrown the remaining pieces, shoulder-blades, vertebrae, ribs, and the like, the whole about three yards in height. "With God all things are possible," but the literal "resurrection of the body," as we now wear it, suggests strange pictures when one is roaming through the Catacombs.

At each street-corner in this city of skeletons stands a funeral monument of black and white, forming a starting-point for the wall of bones; and inserted at regular distances, enframed by skulls, are marble tablets bearing inscriptions from the Bible, from Greek and Latin authors, also from modern French poets—Lamartine and others. In the lower range of bones are set devices, generally cross-pieces with a skull above, and ingenuity has not failed—while selecting the whitest and most perfectly rounded—to shape from these gems, once glowing with the splendor of thought and the light of life, that grand and fearful emblem of the burden which, from the hill of Calvary, sent its sombre shadow throughout the ages of Time.

The principal squares are adorned with sarcophagi and tablets, arranged as in funeral chapels; while three or four stones in their proper places mark the remains of those who fell in certain riots and combats during the Reign of Terror.

Different sensations are, of course, experienced by different organizations, in view of these "wrecks of matter." While to some they are deeply impressive, they are to others painfully revolting; and while awakening in one breast a species of reverence, to another they impart an inexpressible sense of the ludicrous.

To me there was something mournfully sad in this exposure of decay. A piteous prayer seemed to arise for covering, and the decency of oblivion, as the dead craved mercy of the living.

Their heads had once been laid peacefully down—why force them upright again in such hideous mimicry of life? We sadly recall the might of unquenchable love with which the Portuguese, Don Pedro, disinterred his martyred queen, that he might place the crown upon her decayed forehead, and the sceptre within her skeleton fingers; but after he had jealously watched the homage so shudderingly paid to her hushed royalty, he bore her back to the forgetfulness of an eternal grave.

I felt a regret that the smoke of mighty funeral-piles had not scattered these millions of remains through the universe, to be hidden in the flower—or lost in the infinity of matter.

Through the principal streets only were we allowed to wander, for

at every dark opening and gloomy passage, stood a sentinel with a torch to guard the entrance, but the light thrown back into its mystery revealed the same unvarying wall, with its cornice of skulls. The catacombs are open for inspection only two or three times during the year, and from one hundred and fifty to three hundred go down together, some accidents having occurred from allowing persons to wander alone. Seventy staircases lead from the busy promenade above-ground to the silent spaces of this enormous grave. Wherever we went a decorous order was everywhere visible, but what sights of untold, sickening horror, of broken skeletons and crushed skulls, may fill up the darkened pits, where no torchlight is ever allowed to fall, we know not. Along the guided path the procession passed on, till, monotony making decay familiar, Death is forgotten in the triumph of Life. As we approach the place of exit, by a different staircase from that which we had descended, the old love for placing one's name where it is deemed novel or imperishable, is observed in the many traces of "handwriting on the wall." The crowd, laying aside the hushed reverence which marked their entrance, have grown talkative and joyous, and, when the ascent to life and day commences, perhaps not one carries away great or profound emotion. Torch after torch goes up the spiral way, and a pale glimmer, as of welcome, steals faintly down the dreary depth. We breathe the upper air once more, while amid the noise of carriages, the sound of many voices, and the eternal turmoil and clamor of life, we realize there is quiet in the death we have left, and peace in the grave beneath us.

The torches are thrown hurriedly upon a stand, and haggard, clamorous old women with tattered garments, and faces full of pain, rush forward, begging for them.

We pass through the disturbed air, and without once looking back, enter the Paris of broader streets and o'erarching sky—the Paris that is still alive—convinced that—

"It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be."

THE RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE cartoon which accompanies this number of the JOURNAL—"Descending the Rapids of the St. Lawrence"—represents a scene familiar to multitudes of our summer tourists who have made the descent, and who cannot fail vividly to remember their exciting and, indeed, somewhat alarming experience.

The first considerable rapids encountered in descending the river from Ogdensburg and Prescott are the Long Sault, which begin at Dickinson's Landing, seventy-seven miles from Montreal. These rapids are nine miles in length, divided in the centre by several islands in a continuous line. Both the north and the south channel can be used; but the south is generally preferred. The current here is exceedingly swift, a raft drifting through in forty minutes. The scenery is beautiful, and at the same time terrible. In some places the surging waters present exactly the appearance of the ocean in a storm; while in others their surface is as smooth as glass, though running with immense velocity. The inexperienced passenger on the steamboat is apt to imagine, as he sees the foaming waves and breakers, and the savage rocks, that nothing can save the vessel from destruction as it rushes along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Great strength, courage, and dexterity, are required in the pilot, and there is generally an Indian of approved skill at the helm. With a competent pilot, there is really little danger; and, though several boats have recently struck and been destroyed in going down the rapids, there have never been, we believe, any lives lost.

Thirty miles below the Long Sault are the Coteau Rapids, eleven miles in length, and divided into three sections, called respectively Coteau, Cedars, and Cascades. The last name has been given from the water falling over several ledges of rock, one after the other, giving it the appearance of cascade over cascade, and causing a peculiar sensation in coming down it, as the vessel glides from ledge to ledge of rock.

The next and last of the St.-Lawrence rapids is at Lachine, ten miles from Montreal. This is perhaps the most exciting of all of them. There are always four pilots at the helm, on whose nerve and steadiness depends the safety of the steamer, which rushes with lightning-speed close by rocks, one touch of which would be instantly fatal; and, if her head were not kept straight with the course of the rapid,

she would be instantly submerged, and rolled over and over. Unlike the ordinary pitching and tossing at sea, this going down-hill by water produces a peculiar sensation, which, as the vessel glides from ledge to ledge of rock, feels like settling down. The traveller who runs the rapids for the first time is almost sure to involuntarily hold his breath at this feeling. Occasionally, too, the vessel seems to be directly running on a ledge of rocks, and you feel certain she will strike; but the skilful hands at the helm suddenly whirl her into a different channel, and in an instant more it is passed in safety. No life has ever been lost in this seemingly-dangerous and beautiful rapid.

Those who visit Montreal, and wish to experience the sensation of descending the rapids, can do so by taking the seven-o'clock train for Lachine, where at about eight o'clock a steamboat starts for the city, shoots the rapids, passes under the great Victoria Bridge, and lands her passengers in Montreal at nine A. M.

BEETHOVEN.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, whose birth, just one hundred years ago, has afforded the motive in this city for a grand celebration of his first centennial, was the son of a tenor-singer in the electoral chapel at Bonn. At a very early age he gave evidence of remarkable musical talents; at four years of age he was placed at the harpsichord by his father, and forced unrelentingly to perform a severe daily task of exercises. In his fifteenth year he was appointed assistant court-organist, and in his eighteenth year was sent, through the influence of Count Waldstein, who had discovered the genius of the boy and become his protector, to Vienna, at the elector's expense, to study with Mozart. He afterward, in consequence of the death of his mother, returned to Bonn, where the next-four years were passed in severe labor and study, supporting his two brothers upon a small salary as organist. At the age of twenty-two we again find him at Vienna, where, suppressing all his many juvenile attempts at composition, he came before the public only as a piano-forte virtuoso. The first five years of his sojourn at Vienna were the happiest of the composer's life. He was received in the best society, was a great favorite, and was placed at the head of his profession by the best judges. He meanwhile studied severely, and made himself master of musical forms. The first important works which he sent to the press were the three sonatas, op. 2, and the three trios, op. 1, and these were followed by others with a rapidity that exhibited extraordinary fertility. But he soon began to suffer from injured hearing, caused originally by a hemorrhoidal difficulty. He describes the symptoms as an ever ringing and singing in his ear day and night. "I can truly say," he writes, "that I pass a wretched existence; for the last two years I have almost entirely shunned society, because it is impossible to tell people I am deaf!" Again: "In the theatre I am forced to lean up close to the orchestra to understand the actors. The higher tones of the voices and instruments, if I am at a little distance, I cannot hear, and it is remarkable that people do not notice it in conversation with me." In 1802 he had a severe attack of illness, and, in the prospect of death, wrote a remarkable paper, addressed to his brothers, in which he paints the sufferings which he had passed through in very effective language: "Born of an ardent, sanguine temperament, and peculiarly susceptible to the pleasures of society, yet at this early age I must withdraw from the world, and lead a solitary life. When I at times have determined to rise superior to all this, oh, how cruelly have I been again cast down by proofs doubly painful of my defective hearing, and yet it has been utterly impossible for me to say to people, 'Speak louder, scream, for I am deaf!' Ah, how could I proclaim the weakness of a sense which I ought to possess in a higher degree than others, which once I did possess in the highest perfection—a perfection equalled by few of my profession? Alas, I cannot do this! Forgive me, then, if I draw back when I would gladly mingle with you. My misfortune inflicts upon me a double woe in causing me to be misapprehended. For me there can be no recreation in social intercourse, no joining in refined and intellectual conversation, no mutual outpourings of the heart with others." Again: "But what humiliation, when some one standing by me hears a distant flute, and I hear nothing, or listens to the song of the herdsman, and I hear no sound! Such incidents have brought me to the verge of despair—a little more, and I had put an end to my life. One thing only, art—this restrained me. I could not leave the world until that was accomplished which I felt was demanded of me."

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Upon recovering from his illness, although his hearing was still affected, he became more cheerful, and again labored at his musical compositions with patient industry. In 1804 the "Heroic Symphony" was produced; in 1805, "Fidelio." The music to Kotzebue's "Ruins of Athens" was first performed in 1812; "The Battle of Vittoria" and the Seventh Symphony, in 1813; "The Glorious Moment," in 1814. The Eighth Symphony was written in 1816. From this date his compositions appeared less rapidly, partly from the grandeur and extent of their design, and partly in consequence of domestic difficulties, involving a legal process for the possession of a nephew, of whom his brother had by will made him legal guardian, but whose mother, a dissolute woman, refused to surrender.

Beethoven died in 1827, in consequence of a severe cold caught while travelling for two days in a violent storm. The exposure was too much for his feeble constitution, and brought on inflammation of the lungs. We derive from a biographical sketch in the "American Cyclopædia" the following summary of Beethoven's performances, and estimate of his genius:

"In the catalogue of Beethoven's works, we find hardly a branch of the art in which he had not wrought, but the preponderance of the instrumental over the vocal music is striking. For the full orchestra he has left us nine symphonies, eleven overtures, the Egmont music, the Battle of Vittoria, and some shorter pieces. Of chamber music the compositions—among them sixteen grand quartets, and four trios for bowed instruments, from the grand concerto and septet down to the romanzas and sonata—are very numerous. There are thirty-two grand sonatas for the piano-forte solo, and more than one hundred other compositions, varying from the grand concerto to the variations upon a melody for that instrument alone or combined with others. Two masses, one sacred cantata, and a number of songs, belong to the branch of sacred music; an opera, and a vast variety of songs, trios, etc., fill up the catalogue of his vocal music. Beethoven's mission, if we may use the term, was to perfect instrumental music as the language of feeling and of the sentiments. Under Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, the sonata and the symphony had attained their complete development in form. Under Beethoven, a new soul was infused into them. Something had already been done in this direction. We perceive traces of it in Bach, and in Mozart. Clementi had written a sonata for piano-forte, entitled *Dio Abbandonata*, and Haydn, in quartet and symphony, was in the habit of imagining some story, the situations of which, in their corresponding emotions, he endeavored to depict. Beethoven went further. He not only painted character as no other master had done in music (see his overtures to Prometheus and Coriolanus), but made his music the medium of communicating the feelings which swelled his own breast. We feel this continually in his piano-forte sonatas, nor is the explanation of the fact difficult. The unremitting practice to which he was forced by his father during childhood, together with the course of instruction then in vogue, which aimed rather at making sound musicians than masters of finger gymnastics, gave him that power over the piano-forte and the organ without which no one can be said to have a mastery over those instruments." We speak of the mastery of style in an orator, when his thoughts, as they rise, clothe themselves at once in language forcible, appropriate, and elegant. So a complete mastery of the piano-forte and organ implies that the musical thought, as it rises in the composer's mind, suggests immediately the combinations and successions of notes which will express it, and the instantaneous dropping of the fingers upon the corresponding keys of the instrument. This mastery Beethoven, in common with all the really great masters, had, and it was tempered even in his youth by such a knowledge of the principles of harmony, that his extemporaneous performances were as free from false harmonic relations as the speaking of an accomplished orator from errors in the use of articulate speech. As he advanced in years his improvisations attracted more and more notice, and, upon his arrival in Vienna, men who had known Mozart, and fully appreciated his marvelous powers, confessed their astonishment at the force, vigor, and fire of the young Rhinelander when, giving his fancy the rein, his flying fingers interpreted the current of his musical thoughts. In his earliest published works will be found much of that pensive feeling which distinguished his extemporaneous efforts, and this quality in his sonatas became more marked as he advanced in years. Hence the marvellous fascination of his sonatas for every appreciative performer or hearer. They appeal to our hearts as the language of his own. They paint to us his moments of joy and of sorrow; of hope and of longings for that which is loftier and nobler—longings oftentimes which can be uttered only in music. When writing for the orchestra the grandeur of his thoughts rose with the increase of means at his command, and he reached heights beyond all that composers before him or since have attained.—Justice has not usually been done to Beethoven on the score of intellect. His large head was, in fact, filled with a brain capable of intensely energetic and long continued action. He was an insatiable

reader, especially of history, and none followed with a deeper interest the rapidly-changing scenes of that great political drama which began in his nineteenth year in Paris, and ended at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Born upon the Rhine, reared under the remarkably liberal institutions of the electorate of Cologne, and subjected to the direct influence of those ideas which set France in a blaze, he was early and for life a republican in his politics. He had not the education of a scholar, and the universal fact which obtains in regard to men of strong minds and great reflective powers, who have not enjoyed the advantages of high culture, obtains also in his case, viz.: a tendency to put full faith in conclusions founded upon insufficient data, and to consider their confessedly high authority upon subjects to which they have devoted themselves as a guarantee of the correctness of their views upon others. This argues not a want, but rather the possession, of a high degree of intellectual power. In whatever sphere of mental activity Beethoven had been placed, he would have been a man of mark. The exciting social, religious, and political topics, which agitated all Europe during the age of Beethoven, are familiarly known to all. Upon these topics he studied, pondered, reflected, and the aspirations, hopes, triumphs—the grief, woe, and despair of that age—found a space in his all-embracing sympathies. We perceive a tendency in his early orchestral works, while still influenced in his style by Haydn and Mozart, in the direction which, as stated above, his piano-forte music followed, to become the medium through which the composer made known his feelings. But when, still in the prime of life, he found the sense most necessary to the musician forsaking him, and under this calamity he gradually withdrew himself from society, retaining a few old friends, but making comparatively few new ones, the tendency became more marked. As years passed on and old friends fell, he retired more and more within himself, trusting more fully to the impulses of his genius, uninfluenced by modes and fashions and popular styles; then it was that the rich stores of musical knowledge, acquired in his younger and happier days, were lavished upon works the depths of whose thoughts, and the grandeur of whose designs, so far surpassed the appreciation of many of his contemporaries as to be condemned as the vagaries of a madman. As Gothic architecture is the artistic record of the aspirations of the ages during which it grew to perfection, so the orchestral works of Beethoven are the musical record of the great ideas of his time in the form and likeness which they assumed in his mind. Haydn and Mozart perfected instrumental music in its form—Beethoven touched it, and it became a living soul."

RICHELIEU.

THE splendid career of this scarlet-robed minister, who wielded the power of France in the seventeenth century, has been made familiar to us through the labor of the historian, and the skill of the novelist; the dramatist, too, has bent his energies to the task, and great actors have seconded the pen with voice and gesture, until, amid all accompaniments of scenic art, the mighty cardinal-duke still seems to issue from his long-closed tomb, and sweep in semi-regal magnificence across the stage; his genius, potent to enthral an audience now, as it was in former days, to make wondering Europe tremble.

It has been, however, the singular fate of Cardinal Richelieu, to be either ignored or misunderstood in his character as a man of letters, though the numerous works which he either dictated or wrote himself, give him an undoubted claim to this title.

His "Political Testament," which appeared in 1687, was admitted by competent judges to bear the marks of a master-hand.

"Ponder well this work," said La Bruyère, "for it is the mirror of his mind, his genius is reflected in it. There we come upon the secret motives of his actions, there we discover the main-springs of those great events which occurred during his administration. It is gratifying to see how his just and courageous conceptions were steadily carried on to successful execution. Surely he who was capable of such achievements either did not write at all, or, if he wrote, wrote thus."

Nevertheless, Voltaire selected this work as a butt for the shafts of his ridicule, while those who recognized Richelieu as its author preferred to follow the example of the great satirist, and see nothing in it but evidence of the failure of a great mind; even Frederick of Prussia, who should, of all men in the world, have appreciated its value, adopted the opinion of his literary master, and wrote:

"How genius undergoes eclipse!
Richelieu can write his Testament;
And Newton, his *Apocalypse*."

Only recently (1823) the memoirs of Richelieu, long buried in the Department of Foreign Affairs, were exhumed and given to the world,

and his merits as a writer received a tardy though deserved acknowledgment. Such a man could not but possess a peculiar style, and his style was at last recognized. Long-separated fragments of thought were reunited, until his words assumed proper emphasis and authority.

Still more recently were published Richelieu's "Letters and State Papers," so that we are now in a position to judge and appreciate more justly than our predecessors not only the actions which distinguished the minister, but the motives and sentiments that animated the man.

With his own hand, Richelieu appears to have written little; he preferred dictating to a secretary, and always kept one within call. These secretaries were nothing more than mere copyists; they were not allowed to follow their own judgment; their master was always there himself.

Richelieu neither allowed letters to be written in his name when he was absent, nor would he sign letters emanating from any of the bureaux. Says M. Avenel: "He kept near his person, day and night, confidential secretaries, but there were no bureaux in his immediate department. The under-secretaries of state, who were, in fact, only chief clerks, came to him for orders and executed them, each in his own bureau; brought the work, when necessary, to be inspected by the prime-minister, and then signed it themselves. Richelieu only signed what emanated from his own cabinet."

Many of his letters are dated at night. When an idea struck him, he would rise, call the secretary on duty, and write at once.

Not only did he never sign what he had not written or dictated, but he often dictated letters, instructions, or dispatches, and sent them for signature to the under-secretaries of state or ministers of the different departments. In short, he would rather take upon himself the labor of others, than allow any one else to encroach upon his domain, and share his absolute authority. In the immense work of his cabinet, the part performed by secretaries was purely mechanical. Richelieu seemed ever present, to direct and control the complicated machinery.

It is always interesting to study the early life, and trace the different steps by which a man has mounted to power. ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS, cadet of an ancient and impoverished family of Poitiers—rejoicing in the title of lords of Richelieu—was born in 1585, and, being at first intended for the profession of arms, for some time pursued his studies as Marquis de Chinon, expecting to enter the army. His achievements at La Rochelle show that, had he remained a soldier, he might have risen to equal eminence in that career. But one of his brothers, who had been selected to fill the bishopric of Luçon, the gift of which was in the family, declined ecclesiastical preferment, and became a Carthusian monk; so it was determined that young Armand should enter the Church, in order to keep this bishopric from lapsing. Henry IV., then King of France, nominated him for the vacant see, and directed his ambassador to arrange the affair at Rome. There was some difficulty, however, on account of Richelieu's extreme youth—he was only twenty years of age—and he finally found it necessary to go to Rome in person. He was consecrated there, and returned to his diocese, which for a long time had been without a bishop, as the two preceding incumbents of that office had not resided there. Luçon was a mere village, whose poor inhabitants were crushed with heavy taxes. Richelieu at once set about getting these taxes reduced, assumed with dignity his episcopal prerogatives, and discharged the duties attached to the position.

He made an address in reply to the people of Luçon when he first arrived there, part of which is worth quoting, as it shows with what a conciliatory disposition, and amid what difficulties, he began the work of his bishopric, where many of the people were Protestants. The speech ran thus: "Gentlemen! as I come to take up my abode among you, nothing can be more agreeable to me than to see your faces and hear you express pleasure at seeing me. I thank you heartily for your kind wishes, and will do my best to deserve them in the future. My greatest ambition is that I may be able to serve you, one and all. There are some here, I know, who differ from me in matters of faith, but may we not all become united by the bond of charity, and combine to accomplish works of benevolence? Let us, at least, try to do this, for thus we will not only benefit ourselves, but will gratify the king, our common master. I trust that time and my actions will prove to you the sincerity of my words."

In reading the letters of this man, who subsequently held France at his feet, we find that he was at first obliged to struggle in obscurity

against absolute poverty. Writing in April, 1609, to Paris, to a certain Madame de Bourges there, who appears to have fulfilled some commissions for furnishing his church and lodgings, he says: "You may rest assured I shall not want occupation here, for every thing is in such a ruinous condition in this place, that I shall have to work hard to set things right. I am most wretchedly lodged, and there is no making a fire on account of the smoke; so you may suppose I am not anxious for a severe winter. However, there is no remedy for it but patience. I give you my word this is the most villainous bishopric in all France—the dirtiest, the most disagreeable; imagine what the bishop is! I have no place even to walk in, no garden, or lane, or any thing else; my house has to be my prison, too."

In other letters, written to Madame de Bourges, he speaks at times somewhat humorously of his household affairs. He perceives the propriety of having a house to himself, rather than hiring furnished rooms during the occasional trips he makes to preach at Paris, and to get a glimpse of the court. Thus: "Pray give me your advice, for I am much perplexed about getting a house; I fear the furniture will cost too much, and yet I lean to your side of the question; being like you, perhaps, a little vainglorious, and should like to make a good appearance before the world. Certainly I could do this better in a house of my own. A poor nobleman is a wretched affair; but, after all, there is no help for it. Fortune favors the bold." When the Bishop of Luçon plays the part of spiritual director and consoler, he is less at ease than when directing the temporal concerns of his diocese. In a letter of condolence to the Comtesse de Soissons, on the occasion of her husband's death, there is a touch of humor that makes one think of Balzac: "Regarding this matter in reference to your own happiness, it is surely better to have an advocate in heaven than a husband on earth." But when he writes to a refractory vicar-general, he resumes that tone of authority so natural to him: "It seems from your letter that you were in a bad humor when you wrote: now I am so fond of my friends, that I only wish to see the bright side of their characters, and do not desire that they should exhibit themselves to me in any other light. If a fly stings you, kill it, but do not try to make it sting those who, by grace of God and their position, are sheltered from such annoyances. Thank Heaven, I know how to govern myself, and I know, too, how my subordinates ought to behave!"

We see that the stage of his performance is still a narrow one. In the great world, when he gets a glimpse of it, he is obliged to be very circumspect. To those in power he shows great politeness and deference, but when he feels his authority secure, he makes use of language more in accordance with his true character. Thus, in a letter to M. de Prém, in 1612, referring to the internal commotions in the country, and to impending foreign wars, he writes loftily: "We may depend on the wisdom and affection of many faithful adherents, to assure us against domestic troubles; as to those which menace us from without, I shall not deem foreign entanglements disadvantageous if they but give us a chance to extend our boundaries, and cover ourselves with glory at the expense of the enemies of France."

Richelieu's first efforts at court-preaching do not seem to have helped him much on the road to favor, but he found means of advancement nearer his own diocese. A certain Capuchin friar, named Leclerc—better known to us as Father Joseph—had attained great celebrity as a preacher; roused by his eloquent denunciations against the corruptions of the age, the nuns of Fontevault had requested him to take measures for reforming the discipline of their convent; Father Joseph, in pursuance of this object, called for advice and consultation upon the Bishop of Luçon. Thus Richelieu was thrown into communication with a man who was destined to accompany him through life as "the gray cardinal," and whose name is closely linked to his own in history, though it has pleased the dramatist to assign Father Joseph a most ignoble rôle, and turn him into a sort of theological buffoon to make a few "barren spectators laugh."

Richelieu and Father Joseph soon appreciated each other's abilities, and, when they went to court for the purpose of reporting about the Fontevault business, the latter spoke to Marie de Medici of the Bishop of Luçon as a superior prelate, who could render her the greatest services.

We may trace in Richelieu's letters the first symptoms of favor at court. His first strictly political act was the delivery of an address to the States-General at the adjournment of that body in 1615. Being chosen orator on the occasion, his performance was received with applause, and gained credit for the speaker; but, amid all the pomp

of oratorical composition, a tone of authority and strong sense was here and there apparent. He soon contrived to gain the confidence of the queen, and about this time, too, made the acquaintance of her favorite, the well-known Marshal d'Ancre. "I won him" (the marshal) over, and he honored me with some marks of esteem the very first time we met, and said, in reference to me, that he had his eye on a young man who was capable of teaching graybeards a lesson or two; his esteem for me continued always, but he gradually withdrew his protection; first, because he discovered some unwelcome characteristics in me; second, because the queen seemed disposed to honor me more and more with her confidence."

Richelieu was only thirty-one years old when he became, for the first time, minister. Though this short administration only lasted five months, and was separated from his second term of office by an interval of seven years, we may there see evidence, distinctly marked, of his peculiar policy. There is the same vigorous application of his principles to evils which he corrected at a later period, as well as the incipient effect of the remedies applied, which were only prevented at the time from fully succeeding by the assassination of Marshal d'Ancre, which threw affairs back into their former condition of confusion and suspense. It required two leaps to reach the lofty eminence of Richelieu's renown. He said himself that Fortune sometimes begins a great undertaking without being able to finish it at once.

Since the death of Henry IV., France had fallen from a state of high prosperity to a condition of miserable decadence. The queen-regent, Marie de Medici, indolent, obstinate, and undecided, had continued to keep around her the principal advisers of the former king, Villeroi, Jeannin, and the chancellor Sillery, who were no longer guided by the master-hand of that famous monarch. The nobility on every side were breaking out into armed insubordination; religious dissension threatened the very existence of the kingdom; and amid this dark storm of civil and religious turbulence, the crown, once so haughtily borne by the dead king, was only held on the head of a child by the feeble hand of a woman.

The ministers, imbued with old-fashioned ideas, incapable of grappling with these sudden dangers, could only endeavor to appease the insurgent nobles by yielding to their menacing demands, and granting them ignoble concessions, the while looking more to their own private advancement than to the welfare and security of the state. Immediately after the death of the king, it became apparent that such counsellors were poor defenders of his threatened kingdom. It was necessary to issue a proclamation declaring the queen regent. Villeroi was bold enough to offer to draw up the document and sign it; but Sillery, the chancellor, who—Richelieu said—had a heart of wax, was unwilling to seal it, and gave as a reason that, if he did so, the Count de Soissons would have him seized and assassinated. "On such an occasion," remarked Richelieu, indignantly, "one ought to despise one's own life if necessary to secure the safety of the state; but God has not imparted this gift to every one." Over and over again he reverts to this same idea, that the courage which can inspire boldness into the direction of public affairs is a direct gift from God. For instance, speaking of the wretched way in which business was transacted by the States-General in 1614, he adds:

"The only result has been to impose upon the provinces the additional taxes necessary to pay their deputies, and to make manifest to every one that it is not sufficient merely to know of the existence of evils in order to correct them; there must be that desire to cure them which God gives when He intends to make the kingdom prosperous."

With all this, Richelieu was not entirely a philosopher; his great mind was not free from some of the superstitions of the age. He would consult horoscopes, and believed in omens and incantations; but he was imbued, nevertheless, with a firm religious conviction that, where God selects certain individuals to become the instruments of public welfare, He endows them with a peculiar fitness for the task. On the last page of his political testament are written these wonderful words: "Many persons would have gained salvation, as private individuals, who have been damned by their public career." While he regards offences against public personages as much more heinous than those against private citizens, he recognizes fully the responsibility of those whose high positions invest them with power, and whose faults become in consequence more injurious and more culpable.

M. Avenel—who edits the letters and state papers of Richelieu—finds in one of them an entry which he quotes with unction, as indicative of his peculiar turn of mind, showing how religious belief was

swayed by his imperious nature. Richelieu records a vow that, if he shall be cured of a tormenting headache in eight days, he will give a certain sum of money—twenty-six *livres* per annum—to have masses said every Sunday. It is the short space of eight days stipulated, almost dictated to the headache, that attracts M. Avenel's attention.

The spectacle presented to Richelieu during the interregnum of the regency, where a weak woman was surrounded by weaker counsellors, could not but inspire such a spirit as his with horror and disgust. The queen, without any fixed line of policy herself, was guided sometimes by one, sometimes by another of her ministers, just as pleased her fancy.

This he censures as the very worst course that could be pursued: "In state affairs, to secure one's own reputation and demoralize one's opponents, there should ever be a combination of mind and method blended to a common object."

We see marks of his own policy when he was admitted to the council of the queen-regent, though his designs were often hidden and frustrated at first by powerful favorites.

The queen signed the Peace of Loudun, and made peace with the revolted nobles, but she had to pay dearly for it. At Paris her royal authority was eclipsed by the Prince de Condé; the hotel of the latter, besieged by a crowd of courtiers, became the real seat of power. Richelieu seized the decisive moment; he was intimate with Barbin, intendant of the queen's household—who had just been made secretary of state, a man of sense and good judgment—and was aided by his influence; the queen at last determined to follow the energetic advice that was pressed on her: her eyes were opened to the growing intrigues of Condé, with his associates, Bouillon, Vendôme, and Nevers, who, under pretext that their hostility was directed against Marshal d'Ancre, were in reality conspiring against herself and her son, and threatening to overturn the throne itself, and she resolved to have Condé arrested at the Louvre. This was done through the instrumentality of M. de Thémynes. Instantly the crowd of courtiers who had deserted the Louvre rushed back there, each one trying to make himself conspicuous and testify his fidelity to the throne.

"Some," said Richelieu, "did this sincerely; others there were whose wishes belied their acts; but all expressed unbounded approbation at what her majesty had done, and congratulated M. de Thémynes on his good fortune at being employed on such an important service. But, to tell the truth, the court was so corrupt that it would have been difficult at the time to select any one else equally capable of saving the state by his courage and devotion."

The conspirator nobles, accomplices of Condé, seeing their master a prisoner, made the best of their way out of Paris; there was some attempt made to pursue them; but the fugitives, spurred by fear, made better time than the pursuers animated by a desire to capture them. Disaffection and indifference seemed everywhere. The prince himself was hardly arrested, when, in order to secure his own safety, he offered to betray his confederates and reveal their designs, "not evincing," remarks Richelieu, "such generosity and courage as a personage of his rank ought to possess."

At this period the queen became convinced that it was necessary to change her ministers—that able heads were requisite to manage affairs—and the old ministers were set aside. On the very day when Condé was arrested they went to the Louvre with Sully at their head, to remonstrate with her majesty about this *coup d'état*, which they did not consider necessary. Then it was that Richelieu was called to the council, where his friends Barbin and Mangot had already preceded him. Before this he had been intrusted with matters of importance, and it had been determined to send him as ambassador to Spain. This embassy would have suited him admirably, but he felt constrained to accept the offers of the queen made to him through Marshal d'Ancre. "I felt that I had no right to deliberate on such an occasion, or else I was impelled by a higher power, but I must confess that few young men would have declined an offer which like this afforded such opportunity for labor and distinction."

So he entered the cabinet, and from the start was master-spirit there. Thus we see Richelieu, thirty-one years old, at the helm of state, holding the portfolios of war and foreign affairs, possessing additional preëminence over his colleagues from the prestige he had acquired while bishop. He is the soul of this little ministry, composed otherwise of mediocre men, but united among themselves, and forming a vigorous, energetic cabinet, which would have been capable of accomplishing great things had it not sprung into existence under the

ill-omened patronage of Marshal d'Ancre, whose name alone was sufficient to cast the blighting shadow of his own unpopularity over all his adherents. Richelieu lurked in ambush, still, behind the marshal. In truth, had not the bullet of De Luynes come into play and eliminated the marshal from the political equation, there must have arisen between Richelieu and D'Ancre a struggle for the favor of the queen-regent.

The minister could not long have brooked the annoyance of the favorite. Richelieu was rising rapidly; making himself every day more useful to the queen, and affected—as he did in every case where he could not play the master—to be willing to resign. Marie de Medici would soon have found herself obliged to choose between them.

Meanwhile, the great nobles in the provinces continued their intrigues; the Duke de Bouillon had the audacity to write the king a complaining letter, to which the king returned an answer, in which was plainly visible the strong hand of Richelieu, and showed a vigorous policy smacking more of majesty than his past actions. Nevertheless the people took this ill, on account of the unpopularity of Marshal d'Ancre; and what should have redounded to the advantage of the monarch was distorted by malcontents, and misinterpreted to serve their own designs. Richelieu's quick eye foresaw impending ruin, but he labored on. Three ambassadors extraordinary were hastened on their respective missions to England, Holland, and Germany. To Count Schomberg, who was sent to Germany, were given instructions which, embodying a skillful *résumé* of the conditions of affairs in France, and a justification of the measures adopted by the government, contained a foreshadowing of the new and vigorous policy inaugurated by the bishop-minister. "Count Schomberg should never lose sight of these essential points, the main objects of his mission, viz., to prevent the formation of parties adverse to the interests of France, to spread abroad the renown of her monarch, and to establish his authority."

Again, for the fourth time, the nobles rose in arms. The king issued a proclamation against them, and, as words without deeds amount to nothing in such emergencies, Richelieu organized three armies at once; one to operate in Champagne, one in Berry and Nivernais, and one in the Isle of France. Such energetic measures soon produced results: the insurgent nobles, not expecting that execution would thus tread on the heel of proclamation, were taken by surprise, and forced to retreat to strongholds, where their final surrender was only a question of time, when every thing was thrown into confusion once more by the assassination of Marshal d'Ancre. This favorite of the queen was killed at the instigation of the favorite of the king, De Luynes, and by order of the king himself. Of course the same blow that struck down the marshal overturned the ministry of which he was nominal patron, but of which Richelieu was undoubtedly the presiding and inspiring genius.

Richelieu tells us himself that he was paying a visit to the rector of the Sorbonne when he heard of the marshal's death; he hastened to the Louvre, after a moment's conference with his colleagues.

"As I went on my way, I passed several faces which had smiled on me two hours before, but pretended now not to recognize me; some there were, however, in whose greeting this sudden change of fortune produced no change of manner."

The only person in the cabinet that De Luynes wished to make terms with, and exempt from the common disgrace, was Richelieu, and the latter sketches with a master-hand the scenes that followed the murder of D'Ancre. He tells with irony how De Luynes made the king get on a billiard-table to receive the congratulations of the different guilds and orders of the state: "A revival of that ceremony in vogue among the ancient Gauls, who at coronation raised the kings upon their lifted shields and bore them round the camp in triumph." He paints De Luynes as the most implacable enemy of the marshal, not alone because he was hostile to his power and position, but "because he nourished against him that *envious hatred* which is of all enmity the most malignant."

He tells how the insolence of the murderer, unsated with the slaughter of a rival, continued unappeased, and was only shifted to another victim. And we find this Richelieu, so soon himself to be deemed pitiless—who perhaps was so, but whose more lofty vengeance were at least productive of welfare to the nation—we find him condemning in just terms the assassination as "a proceeding most unadvised, unjust, and rash—a dangerous precedent, unworthy that majestic virtue which should be inherent in a king." It would have sufficed, he is of opinion, to have taken D'Ancre prisoner and

banished him from the realm; and he regards with great apprehension the future of a government thus bloodily inaugurated.

Doubtless, when Richelieu grasped full power in after-years, he wielded it despotically. No rival was permitted near his person; no conspiracy, however distant, could raise its head uninterrogated or unchecked. These same turbulent nobles gave him infinite trouble, and he retaliated against them with merciless slaughter. When duels were rife among them, he issued his edict against duelling; his orders were set at defiance, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the heads of these high-born duellists fell upon the scaffold. He would not allow them to kill themselves illegally, but was prompt enough to kill them through the agency of laws he had himself enacted; by diplomatic double stroke of pen and hatchet, thus adroitly ridding himself of dangerous adversaries, and compelling respect for his authority. Yet, it is worth remarking that, though we find sternness and severity in his writings, we find humanity also. When he describes Marie de Medici forced to quit the Louvre, accompanied by mourning adherents, he says: "It is hardly possible to imagine a person so devoid of feeling as not to be touched with grief at sight of this sorrowful *cortège*." And speaking of the barbarous treatment inflicted on Madame d'Ancre—who, after her husband's death, was condemned as a sorceress to have her head cut off and her body burned to ashes—he uses language full of lofty pity: "When she issued from prison and saw the mighty throng collected to behold her in her misery, she exclaimed, 'How many people to gaze on one poor, wretched woman passing!' Seeling some one in the crowd to whom she had done an ill turn in former times, when she was powerful with the queen, she craved forgiveness, losing sight of her disgrace before men in her deep contrition before God; and the benediction of God was poured upon her in this last hour, for the hearts of the people were changed at the sight of such a spectacle, and all eyes were filled at once with tears of sympathy."

It must be pleasant to the reader, as it is but just to the memory of Richelieu, to oppose language like this, worthy a noble soul, to those acts of sterner policy which so often marked his career, and still excite condemnation. The man of letters comes to the rescue of the statesman, and we obtain clearer insight into the recesses of his mind, as we peruse pages composed in those intervals of active life when he could lay aside the splendid accompaniments of power and priestly dominion—doff a white ducal coronet and scarlet robe—to luxuriate in those more enduring felicities that cluster round the arm-chair of the author. There is an oft-quoted assertion attributed to Richelieu, and, whether he ever gave utterance to it or not, his actions show that he fully recognized the existence of the fact, that—swayed by hands of men entirely great—the pen indeed is mightier than the sword. The temporal monarch may lose his sceptre; the spiritual prince be despoiled of his magnificence; but the laurelled *fiara* of genius rests forever on the brow of its fortunate possessor; and he who becomes enthroned as primate of the intellect, has the world for an archdiocese, and can influence countless generations from his proud cathedral seat.

AFTER THE RAIN.

AFTER the rain the sun shines the clearer,
The meadows are sweet and the birds are all song;
This bright world to me is sweeter, dearer,
As into its midst I step, happy and strong;
And all the day long, and all the day long,
The chirp of the birds and the smell of the clover,
Like dreams of old days, come and shadow me over;
And my heart, and my heart, in the joy of its pain,
Blesses the blessings that follow the rain!

After the storm she is humble and tender,
Sweeter than chirp of the bird on the wing;
My reason at best can only surrender
To all her caresses, an impotent thing;
The bitter has passed without leaving a sting;
The thunder and lightning and storm have departed,
Leaving me happier still, and whole-hearted;
Glad never to doubt her, but only forgive,
For life, life without her, would not be to live.

TABLE-TALK.

AN estimate of all the pain that is endured in the name of pleasure would entertain if it did not surprise us. Every man in his heart of hearts feels keenly that the aggregate of such an estimate must be immense; and most of us, if put to the question, would admit that many of our acutest sufferings have been experienced at times and under conditions when we were supposed to be having our full of pleasure. How many a pleasure-party has proved to us wearisome beyond expression! How many a ball has been tedious almost beyond endurance! How many an excursion or summer jaunt has resulted in nothing but fatigue and vexation of spirit! How many times have we gone violently in search of pleasure, and found nothing but weariness of soul! It may be questioned if all seeking after pleasure is not rewarded with pain rather than with delight. Our felicities are coy and wayward; they come we know not when, we can never be sure how, but often, when most desired or most vigorously sought for, they fail to respond, and quite as often, when least anticipated, they fill us with their glory. Pleasure or pain may sometimes be accurately predicted, but pleasure, at least, can rarely be successfully prearranged. Too many conditions are necessary. One may sometimes secure every thing but the disposition to enjoy, or he may find that the very fact of deliberately determining to be happy is of itself sufficient to destroy all possibility of happiness. Many forms of public pleasure are a violent assault upon happiness. People seem to think that felicity is garrisoned in a citadel, and that due energy will be sure to conquer and secure the prize. Pleasure is in truth coy, evasive, illusive; it is a jack-o'-lantern that we pursue only to see it escape us; it is a frail, delicate blossom, invisible in the gay *parterre* set out ostentatiously in its name, but appearing sometimes suddenly at our very feet in the ordinary highway where we looked for weeds only; it is a little spirited cherub that avoids the glare of noisy shows, and all form of loud pretension, but in quiet hours slips into our heart and sets it beating with strange ecstasy. Premeditated pleasure is as impossible as premeditated wit. One cannot sit down and say, "I will make a jest;" he cannot rise up and say, "I will go and find pleasure." At this summer season we see all our towns, all our summer resorts, all our hotels, all our highways, full of violent seekers after pleasure. Men are hurrying for it to the sea-shore, pursuing it up the mountains, angling for it in the lakes, dancing for it at the watering-places, sailing for it on the rivers, rushing for it on the railways, fatiguing themselves almost to death for it everywhere—and yet rarely finding it. He is the happiest who knows how to extract pleasure from the thousand little things that lie about his daily path—in the sunshine and in the rain, in the grass and the trees, in flowers and in books, in old friends and in new faces, in

crowds and in solitude; who knows how to note the shifting panorama of life that ceaselessly offers him change and contemplation, and does not imagine that pleasure must be sought with drum and trumpet, in pomp, and with boisterous expectation.

—The difficulty which puzzled Pontius Pilate as to how to know the truth still continues to perplex mankind. Here is an instance of it. In March last a breakfast-party was given in this city of New York to Captain Lahrbush, an aged British officer, who was said to have been born in London on March 9, 1766, and to be consequently now one hundred and four years old. An account of the breakfast was given in the papers of the day, accompanied by a minute and apparently authentic sketch of the venerable captain's life. The articles attracted attention in England, and have called out the following comment from the correspondent of a London paper:

"Captain Lahrbush is said to have 'entered the British Army on October 17, 1789.' As I gather from the whole tenor of the account that Captain Lahrbush served as an officer, this statement implies that his commission bears that date. I have, therefore, examined the *War Office Gazette* of that date, but, among the twenty-four officers named in it, the name of Lahrbush is not to be found. We are next told that 'he served with the Sixtieth Rifles, under the Duke of York, in the Low Countries, in 1793.' On this I have to observe that the Sixtieth Regiment was then called the American Regiment, and not the Rifles, and that the name of Lahrbush does not appear in the *Army List* for that period. Captain Lahrbush, we are then told, 'was present, on September 8, 1798, when the French General Humbert surrendered to Lord Cornwallis, at Ballenamuch, in Ireland, and with Nelson, in 1801, at the capture of Copenhagen.' Still the name of Lahrbush does not appear in the *Army List*. I pass over, but wonder how it could have happened, the statement that 'he witnessed the famous interview between Napoleon and Alexander, which led to the peace of Tilsit, in 1807,' that I may come to the next testable assertion—namely, that 'he fought under the Duke of Wellington in the Spanish Peninsula, in 1808-'10, displaying such gallantry against Massena at Busaco as to secure a promotion.' This promotion after Busaco suggested to me whether the alleged centenarian had risen from the ranks, and gained at this time a commission by his gallantry. But the *Gazette*, which records the promotions after Busaco, makes no mention of Lahrbush's good fortune, and the *Army List* refuses its sanction to such theory, for the name of Lahrbush is still absent from it. I have nothing to say about Captain Lahrbush's services at the Cape of Good Hope, or the manner, in which 'he distinguished himself in the first Kaffre War,' or, in 1816-'17, 'as an officer of the guard that held the custody of the Emperor Napoleon, at St. Helena;' but, with regard to the next statement, that, 'after a service of twenty-nine years, he sold out his captain's commission in the Sixtieth Rifles, in 1818,' I have this to remark—that, with its persistent disregard to Captain Lahrbush's merits and services, the *Army List* passes over his retire-

ment from his regiment with the same mysterious silence which it has observed with respect to his entrance into and services in it."

This would certainly seem to be conclusive. But, on sending a copy of the above article to General J. G. Wilson, who is well acquainted with Captain Lahrbush, we received the following reply:

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*—

In answer to the above extract, I would say that my venerable friend, Captain Frederick Lahrbush, entered the English army as a volunteer in 1789, and served in the Low Countries under the Duke of York, and was also with Lord Cornwallis in Ireland, and with Nelson at Copenhagen. His name does not appear in the *Army List*, at that time, for the reason that neither in the British nor American *Army Lists* are the names of volunteers published, except they have attained the rank of general officers. In 1809, Lahrbush received the appointment of ensign in the regular army, his commission bearing date November 16, 1809, and was assigned to the Sixtieth Infantry, or King's Royal Rifle Corps, the largest regiment in the British army, numbering eight battalions of one thousand men each, with the Duke of York as colonel (*vide Army List* of 1810). In less than a year, as appears from the *Army List* of 1811, Ensign Lahrbush was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, his commission being dated October 29, 1810. The *Army Lists* of 1811-'18 all contain the name of Lieutenant Frederick Lahrbush, which disappears from the roster of officers of the Sixtieth in the *Army List* of 1819, the old soldier having near the close of 1818 sold his commission and returned to civil life. Lahrbush has now in his possession, and wears on certain occasions when *en grande tenue*, the medal awarded to him with the brevet rank of captain by the British Government. The officers of the Sixtieth Rifles, when on duty in Canada, have frequently visited Captain Lahrbush, recognizing him, since the death of General Patterson, who entered the regiment in 1799, as the oldest surviving commissioned officer of the corps; and, when the Prince of Wales was in the United States, he invited the captain to return to England, promising to place him on the retired army list on half pay; but the old hero was too much attached to his adopted home to leave it and his troops of friends, including Admiral Farragut and many of the leading citizens of New York.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

—The subject of the coming American novel has for years been a favorite theme among speculative critics, and we confess to have been among those who have deplored the absence of accurate social pictures in the current attempts at American fiction. We uttered a few comments on this subject a week or two ago, in which we ventured the belief that some aspiring Thackeray would discover in the average life of our cities suitable material for his imaginative skill. A

writer in the *New-York World*, who gives us every week entertaining sketches under the title of "Social Studies," thinks differently. He is speaking of Disraeli's "Lothair," and says:

"The American literary student has in this elegant work of fiction a most woful hint respecting the practicabilities of an American novel. It has scarcely any mechanical plot; yet its interest as a narrative never flags for an instant. It abounds in dialogue upon trite subjects; yet that dialogue always possesses a marked intellectual value for its evidence of a high mental class-cultivation. In short, 'Lothair' is such a novel as could not be written of a country like ours with the smallest chance of being any thing but drearily commonplace. We have our mercantile palaces on Fifth Avenue, our gorgeous assemblies of fashion, our men of score millions, our expensive churches and proselyting clergy; but they are all of yesterday, they are without tradition or history, and the wonders of swift creation that they give to flet would furnish but prosaic monstrosities to the graceful hand of Disraelitish fiction. Journalists who prate about the lack of first-class imaginative writing here at home, and pretend to designate materials for the native romancer, commit a great mistake in presuming that a novel of society is the work offering choicest matter and opportunity to the coming master of home fiction. Your figures and their action in the foreground will make but a cheap photograph, if there is no suggestive background; and it is lack of permanent romantic background for his picture that places the novelist of American higher society in the position either of a didactic social essayist or of a satirist of the caprices of shopkeeping fortune. In former days, the South, with its patriarchal and feudal usages, offered a background upon which our only American novels proper were drawn. What artistic possibilities there still may be in that section are only to be ascertained by future experiment; but there can be little doubt that the general American field of opportunities for the writer of fiction lies rather in the picturesqueness of Western adventure, or the dramatic contrast of the extremes of wealth and poverty in the great cities, than in the lives and abodes of the native social class superficially corresponding with the foreign social strata celebrated by 'Lothair.' The first rightly-directed step toward effective novel-writing in America must be inspired by a determination to discard all existing foreign models as thoroughly impracticable, and a courage to treat what there is of the genuinely picturesque and dramatic in American life with an originality of style and method suited especially to American subjects. Wholesome strength, rather than poetical daintiness, must be the great characteristic of the romancer; and his characters must be made to think and act and talk like Americans only."

There is, doubtless, a large share of truth in all this; but we must still hope that a competent artistic skill would be able to make of our social pictures something more than a "cheap photograph." The absolute mastery of fictitious writing as an art is the great need. Washington Irving succeeded in giving to the Hudson a series of legends that attach a classic interest to its shores, such as no other locality in America possesses; Haw-

thorne could give to the rudest incidents of colonial life every quality of picturesque mellowness. But these men had the superior artistic touch, and this is a gift or attainment that always seems to us peculiarly lacking in American literature. When the accomplished master shall appear, we hope he will show us how ordinary American life may be photographed in blending, contrasted, and vivid groups, without that rawness that marks the ordinary attempts to portray us. As for the *World* writer's assertion that "the general American field of opportunities for the writer of fiction lies in the picturesqueness of Western adventure, or the dramatic contrast of the extremes of wealth and poverty in the great cities," we would ask, Have not both of these phases of life been fully treated? "The dramatic contrasts of wealth and poverty" have supplied the material for our current sensational novels; and Western adventure, having really but few phases, and those coarse ones, has employed a large number of pens. In each of these directions we have had an abundance of "strength, rather than poetical daintiness." It is probable that many critics of American literature are prone to forget what an immense hold certain writers of American fiction, possessing "more strength than daintiness," have upon a vast multitude of readers. Dickens and Trollope and Thackeray and Collins and Reade are supposed to exercise a greater sway over the American mind than our native novelists, simply because the critics talk more about them, the newspapers puff them more, and a certain fastidious class read them more. But there are American writers, such as Mr. Cobb, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Holmes, Miss Evans, who, if the statistics were given, would be found, we think, to have an immense constituency, outlying in all the small towns and rural districts, such as no English writer possesses here. Rude delineations of American life we do not lack; what the inquiring critic asks for is an artist who can write "poetical daintiness" with "wholesome strength," who can give us pictures of our social life—and it is principally the higher forms of social cultivation that have the subtleties worthy of a master-workman—that shall have the mellow unity of the best workers abroad, and be free from the rawness, crudeness, and vulgarity, that so often stain the American novel. Such a master-worker will be sure, one day, to come.

— Scarcely any work of fiction has received such wide-spread notice and such general commendation as Disraeli's "Lothair." The articles written upon it in England and in this country would already fill many volumes. As a sample of the style in which it is received, we quote the following from the *Christian Union*, of which Henry Ward Beecher, himself the author of a popular novel, is editor:

"The unparalleled eagerness with which this work was looked forward to will increase as the reader turns page after page, not a line of which is dull, passes from one brilliant ef-

fect to another, yet none strained or garrish, and encounters incident upon incident, each of them novel and striking, while each is yet natural and in place. Indeed, the treatment of such themes by such a hand is not merely rare, but unprecedented. To consummate literary art is added a knowledge of the world and of certain especial phases of life which it is given to but few men in a generation to master. And the deft workman has used his wealth of materials with supreme skill. He has dispensed, except for the purpose of a framework, with any thing like a plot—a complication, that is, of difficulties, dangers, and misapprehensions, laboriously ensnared to the end that they may be ingeniously disentwined. He has rather addressed himself to the delineation of certain moral and social motive powers, and he has exhibited the hidden springs and secret machinery that set the world's affairs in motion with a clearness that could only belong to one who has himself had a part in their construction. Added to this is a series of what would be recognized as portraits, even if there had not been identified for us such of them as have filled the largest places in English social attention. Of the story we shall attempt to give no indication further than to say that its central point is the conflict maintained by Jesuitism and the Anglican Church to win the adherence of a young English nobleman of immense wealth and distinguished social position. The episodes introduced and the variety of power displayed in their treatment are of endless diversity—Fenianism, Ultramontane diplomacy, the operations of the "Red" secret societies, Garibaldi's advance upon Rome, the operations of the Propaganda in London and in Rome, wandering Americans, Sicily, Malta, the Ægean Islands, Palestine—all these woven into a brilliant web, every fibre of genuine material, each of the exceedingly numerous *dramatis personæ* possessed of remarkable and striking individuality, and the whole book as fresh and as fully up to the day as if each chapter had been written for the morning's newspaper, or by such a sustained effort as produced 'Vathek.' In fine, to one who proposed reading but a dozen novels, we should commend this as one."

— Now is the time when our artists pack up their easels, their umbrellas, and their pencils, for their annual excursion among the hills. Many are already in their old haunts studying mountain-forms, and others are impatient to lock their studio-doors and be gone. But why will they not seek out fresh fields for out-of-door studies? We could well, for a season or two at least, spare from our galleries further illustrations of scenery in the Catskills, on Lake George, or among the New-England hills, if we could exchange therefor a few glimpses of the Alleghanies, of the picturesque Juniata, of the Cumberland Valley, of the Virginia Blue Ridge, of the superb mountain scenery of North Carolina, of the Lake Superior region. We hinted to our painters over a year ago that the public would be glad to hear of them in "pastures new," and we renew the suggestion now, just as they are starting out on their summer jaunts, with the hope that it will not be altogether unheeded. It is quite singular how some sections of the country

are neglected by painters. Their constancy to their first scenic loves is remarkable, but in art there is no unfaithfulness in seeking out new scenes of beauty. There are vast picturesque regions in Pennsylvania that have never or rarely known the artist's sketch-book—sections of country quite as accessible as the Catskills or the Adirondacks. North Carolina may seem rather too far South for a summer trip; but, if we are to believe travellers' tales, the mountain-region in this State is preeminently picturesque, and this ought to induce the enterprising artist to brave a few discomforts in order to secure fresh subjects for his pencil. Our painters have no hesitation in risking the perils of the Western plains, and seem to consider a journey to the Rocky Mountains not too great an undertaking when new aspects of the picturesque reward their enterprise—why, then, can they not endure the heats of Virginia or Carolina for the sake of transferring to canvas the charms of the Shenandoah or the French Broad?

— We note complaints in some of our neighboring cities of that June horror, the inch-worm. In New York, thanks to the little English sparrows, we are now happily free from a nuisance that once rendered our streets in the early summer nearly intolerable. Our neighbors certainly need not continue to suffer under the nauseous infliction of this worm, now that our experience here with the sparrow has proved so entirely successful. And as for the sparrows, we are not only rid of a sickening nuisance by their means, but, apart from their excellent public services, they are most welcome guests. The little fellows make our streets musical, give animation to all our parks, and afford us no little amusement in watching their graceful motions, their gambols, and their plucky little contests one with another. A bright, gay, spirited, tireless, bold little rascal is this same English sparrow, and our friends in other cities would do well to adopt him at once. He has done us here almost as much good as all our Aldermen and Common Councilmen together have managed to do us harm.

Art, Music, and the Drama.

A COMEDY in three acts, by Messrs. Edouard Brébeur and Eugène Nus, of considerable merit, entitled the "Boule de Neige" (the Snow-Ball), was played for the first time on the 10th of May, in the Théâtre de Cluny. Horace, an old man, who had led a fast life and grown tired of existence, is intrusted with the bringing up of a young girl, whose education he superintended and watched over with paternal solicitude. Many, however, refused to believe in the reality of this paternal affection, and supposed the guardian to be amorous of his ward. Evil rumors, in spreading, gather volume and consistency, like the vigorously-rolled snow-ball, which assumes the appearance of an avalanche ready to sweep away the reputation, or, at least, the happiness of Madeleine. Meanwhile a worthy youth named Jacques Baudry falls in love with Madeleine and marries her, in ignorance of the slanders and

insinuations perfidiously whispered in all circles by an old mistress of Horace, animated by the spirit of jealousy. These calumnies come to his knowledge after his marriage, and the happiness of his new home seems to him forever broken and compromised. But, in a number of scenes full of life, pathos, humor, and sentiment, the innocence of Madeleine and the uprightness of Horace are fully confirmed, and peace and confidence again dwell under the roof of perplexed Jacques Baudry.

"The Man o' Airie," a strikingly original and beautiful drama by Mr. W. G. Wills, has been revived at the Globe Theatre, London. The story of this drama, "the product," says one critic, "of true dramatic genius," is as follows: "A Scotch poet, one James Harebell, has saved a few hundred pounds with which to pay the expense of a collected edition of his poems. He trusts the money into the hands of his foster-brother, who, instead of using it for the purpose to which it was destined, applies it to the payment of a gambling-debt. For a time Harebell remains unconscious of his misfortune, and expectant that the profits of his book will make amends for the loss of his farming operations, due to the abstraction of so much capital. In the end, however, he finds himself bankrupt alike in purse and heart. His brain gives way under the weight of calamity, and the world holds him dead. His poems live, however, and become famous, and his countrymen erect a monument in his honor. While the statue is being uncovered, a song of the poet's is sung. Its music strikes a chord in the heart or memory of a feeble and obscure vagabond who has wandered to the spot. In a pitiful treble he commences the second verse, and those nearest him recognize in the wretched object before them the man they have met to honor. There is much freshness in this idea, which Mr. Wills has worked out happily and with great care. The play is not void of crudeness and faults of construction. It displays, however, clearness and dramatic instinct. Much of its dialogue is pathetic, and its humor in the comic scenes is thoroughly fresh and unforced.

Rossini has often been accused of a want of energy in his latter years, but the injustice of that accusation is evident from the long list of works which were the fruit of those years, and of which the following *résumé* conveys some ideas: An "Album Italien," containing twelve songs, solos, duets, and quartets. An "Album Français," also containing twelve songs, solos, and duets, with choruses. An "Album Ollapodrida," comprising twelve pieces, some sacred and some secular, among which is found the famous "Chant des Titans" executed some years ago by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire. "Un peu de tout," a collection of fifty-six pieces for the piano-forte. Four "Albums," each containing twelve piano pieces. Finally, under the general title of *Miscellanées*, some twenty songs, and twice that number of compositions in various styles for piano and other instruments. Besides these, there remain several "grandes œuvres," a cantata entitled "Jeanne d'Arc," the cantata written for the Exposition Universelle, and the "Messe Solennelle."

Sardou's drama of "Fernande," which achieved so signal a dramatic triumph in Paris, has been, with certain judicious changes, brought out at the Fifth-Avenue Theatre in

this city. It is placed on the stage with notable taste, is excellently acted, and has proved a marked success. The plot, it will be remembered, is of a young girl brought up under vile surroundings, but retaining her innocence, who by certain intrigues is married to one far above her, she believing that her betrothed knew and pardoned her past life, and he ignorant of the shame attaching to her early career. The drama is original in plot, admirable in its situations, of profound interest from first to last, and in the American version free from any thing objectionable.

The annual Spring Exhibition of paintings and sculptures, recently opened in Paris, comprises two thousand two hundred and ninety-one paintings, one thousand two hundred and thirty-eight drawings, six hundred and eighty-four sculptures, twenty-six medallions and medals and engraved precious stones, one hundred and thirty-six architectural designs, fifty-nine engravings, thirty-eight plans of public monuments; making in all five thousand one hundred and seventy-two articles. Comparing this with last year's exhibition, it is observed that there are fewer works of first-class merit, and a much higher proportion of works of more than ordinary merit; a sure sign that art in all its branches is rapidly and steadily progressing in France.

At the fourth sitting of the commission now engaged in remodelling the Paris Conservatoire, M. Edmond About suggested that the pupils should go through a course of elementary instruction, including reading and writing, it being a notorious fact that a tenor engaged at one of the largest theatres in the capital could not sign his name. Taking higher ground, M. Gounod proposed the addition of a course of philosophy, to include Cicero and the Bible. Eventually it was decided that candidates should be examined as to their general knowledge, and not passed unless properly qualified.

A hand-book of Beethoven's Symphonies, for the use of amateurs, is just published in London. Understanding the purpose of such a work to be a sort of descriptive manual, the task of making it truly good and valuable seems to us to present many difficulties, not the least of which, in these days of programme-music, symphonic poems, and the like, is that of well conveying to the reader the ideas or ideas of each symphony, as carried out in the several movements, without inclining to a too elaborate interpretation, worse than none. The book is well spoken of by the English reviews.

Madame Pauline Lucca's first appearance in London, this season, was as Marguerite, and, in point of acting, her representation of this favorite heroine of romantic opera is ranked by competent critics as one of the finest among the many with which English opera-goers are familiar. Signor Mario was the Faust, a rôle he looked and acted picturesquely, only occasionally, however, reminding his audience of that vocal power which, in its entirety, has gone forever.

The Beethoven centennial celebration at Vienna, next October, promises to be a grand affair. The festival will last four days, during which there will be concerts and operatic performances of Beethoven's works, in which the principal celebrities of Germany will take part. "Egmont" (with Beethoven's music), "Fi-

dello," and the Ninth Symphony will, as a matter of course, be performed.

The "Death of Messalina" is the subject given by the Superior Council of Fine Arts for the competitive picture for the grand prize of Rome. The following is the text selected from Tacitus: "Messalina then comprehended her destiny. She accepted the poniard presented to her by her mother, and while the freedman, with the baseness of a slave, loaded her with insults, the tribune prepared to strike him with his sword."

Mr. Boucicault is said to have arranged with Mr. Charles Dickens to dramatize "The Mystery of Edwin Drood;" and a version of the "Old Curiosity Shop," dramatized by Mr. Andrew Halliday, under the title of "Little Nell," is shortly to be produced at the Olympic Theatre. The part of Quilp will be played by Mr. George Belmore.

Anton Rubinstein has declined the most tempting engagements in France, England, and Germany, and is resolved to devote himself to composition. During his last tour in Russia and Germany, he is said to have realized a fortune.

Abbé Liszt will remain at Weimar till the end of June, in order to assist at the model representations of Wagner's operas. Among the works decided upon are "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan and Isolde," and the "Meistersänger."

An anecdote is told of Count Molke *à propos* of Herr Wagner's "Meistersänger," as recently produced at Berlin. After the second act, the general remarked, "It is as bad as this, sometimes, in the Chamber of Deputies, but there, at least, one can demand the close of the debate."

Before leaving Paris for London, Mdle. Nilsson received from Napoleon III. a group of daisies in diamonds. During the past winter she has given six concerts in Paris for benevolent objects; they have produced more than seventy thousand francs.

The French musical papers—no mean authorities—assert that Mdle. Nilsson will spend the next season in this country, and the next following in Russia, after which she will retire from public life.

A new dramatic symphony "Jeanne, d'Arc," by Mr. Alfred Holmes, an English composer, has been received in Paris with marked favor.

The music of Mozart's "l'Oca del Cairo" is pronounced by London critics eminently characteristic, and in every way worthy of its composer.

A dramatic version, by Mr. Charles Reade, of his story of "Put Yourself in his Place" will be produced first in the country and subsequently in London at the Adelphi Theatre.

A new symphony by Herr Joachim Raff, entitled "In the Forest," has been played at Weimar with, it is said, great success.

Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, Flotow's "l'Ombre" is shortly to be produced at the Opéra-Comique.

A "Life and Works of Meyerbeer" has just been published in Berlin.

Glück's "Orpheus" has been revived at Vienna with great success.

Literary Notes.

TWO sweet singers, who will at least occupy an honorable position among Scotland's minor poets, have recently passed away to renew their songs in those "temples not made with hands." The elder, John Nevay, has been well known in Great Britain for above half a century, having been a constant contributor to several English magazines. He was acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, the "Ettrick Shepherd," Prof. Wilson, and Lockhart, and had the honor of being mentioned by Christopher North in the "Noctes Ambrosianae," figuring there as "John o' ye Girmal." He died in May, at the age of seventy-eight. In 1818 Nevay published a "Pamphlet of Rhymes," which, being favorably received, was followed by a second collection in 1821. After an interval of fourteen years, he brought out "The Peasant, and other Poems," and in 1835 he published "The Child of Nature, and other Poems," followed in 1853 and 1855 by two other volumes of poetry.—William Sinclair, a younger writer than Nevay, is well known in Scotland as the author of a number of popular poems, chiefly of a patriotic character. Among his best-known pieces are the "The Battle of Stirling" and "The Royal Breadalbane Oak," both of which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Sinclair was born in Edinburgh, in 1811, and died at Stirling, Scotland, in May. In 1845 he published a volume entitled "Poems of the Fancy and Affections;" and he was a liberal contributor to the work published in 1852, with the title of "Illustrations of the Achievements of the Duke of Wellington."

The publication of an inedited work by M. Guizot, of considerable importance, is announced, which will be regarded as an event in the literary world. Under the title of "The History of France related to my Grandchildren," M. Guizot has traced the leading events of his country's history. Many besides young people, however, will be interested in the perusal of this book, in which they will certainly find, besides exact and animated descriptions, the breadth of knowledge and loftiness of views which distinguish the writings of the historian of civilization in Europe. A series of splendid illustrations by M. A. de Neuville will render the great historian's work all the more acceptable to the class of readers for whom it is destined.

The poet Tennyson has signified to the council of the Astronomical Society his wish to accompany any expedition that may proceed to the south of Spain, to observe the solar eclipse of December 22d next. We may expect that he will "improve the occasion," and that "The Eclipse Idyl" will be one of the fruits of the expedition. There are many phenomena attendant upon a total eclipse that call for description beyond the powers of those accustomed to the dry chronicling of facts.

A very important literary discovery was made a few days ago in the library belonging to a church in Liegnitz, in Silesia. It consists of a Codex of Livy, the existence of which had been noticed in a catalogue of that library, dated 1604, but only now has the search after it been successful. It contains nearly the whole of the Fourth Decade.

Mr. Disraeli's "Lothair" seems attracting attention on the Continent. The *Augsburger*

Zeitung has criticised it at length, and other German papers are doing the same thing. The *Bibliografia Italiana* announced beforehand, "Lord Disraeli pubblicherà il 2 maggio in suo nuovo romanzo, intitolato 'Lothair'."

Mr. Swinburne, in his new volume of poems, which bears the somewhat mysterious title of "Songs before Sunrise," deals in a bold manner with the speculative questions of the day. Nearly the whole of the volume is now in type, and it will, in all probability, be published in a week or two.

The first volume of a Biography of Schleiermacher, by Dr. W. Dilthey, has appeared. It contains extracts from unpublished letters, diaries, and note-books of the great theologian.

Miss Louisa Muhlbach has been invited by the Khedive to visit Egypt for a few months, with a view to writing a book on the country.

Scientific Notes.

A LEARNED paper in the *London Quarterly* insists that there is abundant evidence to prove that a large part of the megalithic structures of England and of Europe, which have been supposed to date back far into prehistoric times, are really more modern than the Christian era. These rude structures may be classified into—1. Tumuli or Barrows. 2. Dolmens, often called Cromlechs. 3. Circles. 4. Avenues or Alignments. 5. Menhirs or Peulvens. The barrows are round or oblong mounds of earth, called *tôpes* in India, and erected generally for sepulchral purposes, though occasionally they are simply the memorial of some important event. The dolmens are covered stone chambers, often inside of the mounds, and often entirely disconnected from them, and occasionally built on their summit. They are almost exclusively sepulchral. The circles are enclosures of upright stones surrounding the dolmens, and are burying-places. The alignments are a later form of megalithic structure. They are sometimes attached to circles, in which case they are avenues corresponding to the passages which lead to the sepulchral chambers in the tumuli. When not so attached, their object is more obscure. The menhirs are simple stone columns, like the pillars set up by Jacob and Laban, and are memorial stones. In Brittany they passed into Christian crosses. In Brittany and in Narbonne there are thousands of these monuments, and in Algeria they are almost innumerable. The mythical Druids had nothing to do with their construction; but they are referred by our author to the ancient Aquitanians, Tyrrhenians, Cimbri, and kindred races, which he regards as aboriginal and Turanian—that is, as being Tartar in their character, or what is called Dravidian in India, where, in Sylhet, an aboriginal tribe still build all the varieties of megalithic structure. There seems to be abundant proof that a large number of these European structures are quite modern, being the tombs of historical men or the monuments of historical battles; and that the stone implements found in them are no more proof that they belong to a distant Stone Age than is the fact that Zipporah used a stone circumcising-knife a proof that Moses did not know iron, or than the fact which the

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Septuagint asserts, that with Joshua were buried the stone knives used when he circumcised the people, proves that the Canaanites with whom he fought did not have iron scythes on their chariots.

M. Fontaine has constructed an ingenious "household steam-engine," intended for the use of the large body of skilled artisans in France and Germany who work at home, and whose labor hitherto has been entirely manual. The original features of this machine are—1. A boiler of sufficient capacity to enable the machine to work a considerable time without renewing the fuel. 2. The drying and moderate heating of steam by hot gases before their entrance into the vent. 3. A safety-valve moved by the pressure of the boiler and acting directly upon the intensity of the fire. 4. The automatic extinction of the fire whenever the water descends beneath a certain level. 5. The machine may be worked with any kind of combustible, coals, carbonized peat, mineral oils, etc. M. Fontaine hopes that the fractioning of motive power, and the possibility of using it upon the smallest scale, will materially contribute to the decentralization of industry; and that his machine will produce a salutary revolution in a large number of special trades. Each member of the family will thus be enabled to add to the common welfare, according to his strength and faculties. Children will be less exposed to danger than in large establishments, and the family circle will not so frequently be broken up as under our present manufacturing system.

M. Quenault, the persevering observer of marine phenomena in the channel between Great Britain and France, has recently discovered traces of a submerged forest, near Hauteville-sur-mer, in the neighborhood of a well-known rock, called Maulieu. The bank of vegetable earth and turf, in which the trunks of the trees are still fixed by the roots, is covered with water, varying in depth from sixteen to forty feet. The oak alone has preserved its original hardness, all the other species of wood found being almost as soft as paste, although they still retain their color, and even their bark. M. Quenault supposes that the immersion of the forest in question dates from the eighth century of our era.

A railway company in France recently planted the embankments on the line of its road with barberry-bushes. The next crops thereafter of wheat, rye, and barley, in the neighborhood, were affected by rust. A commission appointed to investigate the matter reported that, wherever the barberry is found, grain crops are attacked by rust, and that a single bush is sufficient to introduce the disease where it had never appeared before. It is ascertained that the fungus which produces the well-known yellow spots on the leaves of the barberry is a different form of the fungus called "rust" in cereals, but that the spores of one form reproduce the other form.

The population of British India is 164,671,821; native India, estimated, 48,000,000; total, 212,671,821. Number of square miles, 1,577,000. The province of Oude has the greatest density of population—474 persons to the square mile. All India has 135 to the mile, and Russia has 10 persons to the mile; the United States only 19; Brazil only 2; Turkey only 20. The province of Oude has 51.8 per cent. of males, and 48.2 of females, while Eng-

land has 38.84 per cent. of males and 51.26 per cent. of females.

An examination of the cavern of Mont Chauvaux, in the province of Namur, has convinced M. Spring, the Belgian anthropologist, that the men whose bones are there found, mixed with those of deer and oxen, were cannibals. A closer inspection of the remains has led to the further conclusion that they were so from choice and not from necessity, for the roasted bones are not only those of the aged, but also of young women, boys, and infants.

Mica panes in furnace-doors, now so extensively used in Germany, enable firemen to observe the state of the fire without opening the furnace-doors and thereby introducing cold air uselessly. For this purpose, sheets of mica in small iron frames are inserted in the openings of furnace-doors, and are protected against accident by close gratings.

It is said that, within a circuit of one hundred and twenty-five miles around the White Sulphur Springs of West Virginia, there is more iron-ore than in the whole of Great Britain.

Miscellany.

Our Greatest Authors.

IT is curious how little we know of the personal history of some of our greatest men of letters. We are not certain of the year in which Chaucer was born, nor do we know the university at which he studied. Shakespeare's biographers amuse or fatigue their readers with conjectures, and have only a few barren facts with which to supplement their fancies. About Spenser we know even less, and the latest editor of his works, in a sketch of the poet's life, acknowledges the meagreness of his facts by writing: "His poems are his best biography. In the sketch of his life to be given here his poems shall be our one great authority." Milton, a sublime egotist, tells us almost as much about himself as his biographers are able to collect from extraneous sources. Of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Milton's contemporary, his equal in eloquence and learning, and the greatest pulpit orator England has produced, our knowledge is so limited that it is even a question whether, like the poet, he married three wives, or contented himself with two; which reminds us that it is also open to question whether Ben Jonson married a second time, or whether Fletcher, twin-dramatist to Beaumont, married at all. Who has not read that enjoyable and inimitable book, the "Anatomy of Melancholy?" Yet of Burton little more is related than that he resided chiefly at Oxford, was an indefatigable student, and foretold his own decease, which happened so exactly at the time predicted that, according to Anthony Wood, some of the students said "that, rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." A few years before Burton's death was born one of the most notable men of letters that England has produced. Yet it is strange how little, even in Dryden's biography, belongs strictly to the region of fact. He is said to have done this, it is conjectured that he did that, it is probable that he acted in such or such a manner. Yet Dryden was Poet

Laureate and Historiographer Royal; he was a Fellow of the Royal Society; he was a popular dramatist; he was the supreme object of jealousy to the literary hacks of his day, just as Pope was to Grub Street scribblers forty years later; his name for a long period was constantly before the public, the works produced in his old age were even more heartily welcomed than those produced in middle life, and when he died he had a "splendid funeral," and was followed by a hundred carriages to his fitting resting-place in Poets' Corner.

The Wig and the Hat.

On the banks of a murmuring stream,
An elderly gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was his wig,
On the top of his wig was his hat.

The wind it blew loud and blew strong,
Where that elderly gentleman sat;
And it blew from the top of his head,
And into the river, his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat,
But he lost in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat.

His bosom grew fierce with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat;
And he hurled in the river his stick,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

How a Spider builds its Web.

W. C. Richmond, of Geneva, Ohio, sends to the JOURNAL the following curious account of how a spider builds its web: "While at work one day in the field, I accidentally destroyed the web of a common spider. Curious to know what the little creature would do in its great calamity, I made myself comfortable, and awaited results. The spider, not in the least disheartened by its loss, immediately commenced building another web. It first described a circle, not regular, but agreeing with the irregularities of the spires of grass on which it was suspended in a vertical position. Having strengthened this outer line (which may be likened to the felloe of a carriage-wheel) by passing around it several times, adding each time a thread, it proceeded to form the spokes. It ascended to the upper edge of the circle, and, securing its thread, 'swung off,' slowly descending until it reached the lower edge, where it fastened the other end. Ascending this last-formed line to about the centre, and, fastening its thread, it proceeded again to the circumference, thus forming another spoke in the wheel. It continued this operation until enough spokes were made, then, beginning at the centre or hub, it passed round and round in enlarging circles until it had formed some six or eight threads, about one-fourth of an inch apart. This, I noticed, was not done with that care which marked its subsequent work; but it was only intended (as I afterward saw) to be a sort of stay-lath, and not a permanent affair. It now darted to the outside of the web and commenced to weave in the woof, which was done by passing a thread from spoke to spoke around the wheel in diminishing circles, the distance between them being determined by the length of the spider's hind-leg, for it walked on the line spun at the previous revolution, and guided the new thread with one of its hind-feet, holding it toward the centre as much as possible,

and allowing it to run between two of its claws as around a pulley. As it passed over each spoke it would, with this hind-foot, press the newly-formed thread to it, thus firmly uniting it. In the same manner it proceeded on until it came to the stay-laths, when it fell to work, and, in a twinkling, tore them away and soon finished its work, and retreated to its corner to await the approach of some luckless fly. Twice during the operation its thread broke, but, not noticing it until it got to the next spoke, it did not retrace its steps, but fastened it where it was, thus leaving a break. Nearly all of the webs that I have examined have the same defect. That which surprised me most was the extreme rapidity of the spider's movements, as it was not probably more than ten minutes from the time of destroying the web before another was completed."

Exploration of Sinai.

Captains Wilson and Palmer have recently explored the entire region of Mount Sinai, and drawn out an interesting topographical map of the two celebrated mountains, so rich in religious and historical associations. In prosecuting their arduous undertaking, they performed no less than seven hundred miles on foot, and explored upon the backs of camels more than six thousand four hundred square miles of the peninsula. Throughout the whole region they found the remains of very ancient stone houses, in the form of beehives, the walls rising perpendicular to the height of two feet, and terminating in a cone; also of numerous stone tombs, resembling in many particulars those attributed to the Druids in England, Scotland, and Brittany. These constructions are supposed to have been built by the Amalekites, previous to the exodus of the children of Israel.

There are numerous ruins of religious establishments in the peninsula, of an imposing aspect, which at one time sheltered no fewer than nine thousand monks. In a convent in the midst of the desert is a church, constructed, according to tradition, by Justinian, upon the walls of which are engraven the names of many European knights who distinguished themselves during the Crusades.

The traditions of the Bedouin Arabs throw no light whatever upon Jewish history, but abound in all sorts of monastic legends.

These children of the desert are less irreligious than is generally supposed; Captains Wilson and Palmer, on closely examining them, found that one of their prayers expressed ideas somewhat similar to those of the Lord's Prayer.

A large number of inscriptions are engraven upon the sides of the rocks, near the different routes, chiefly in Semitic characters or Greek letters; the latter were engraven by men insufficiently versed in the language, many of the letters being inversely formed. Many of the inscriptions also contain a large number of Egyptian words.

In the mountainous districts there are a number of exhausted copper and turquoise mines.

The mountain of Jebel-Musa presents many features agreeing with the description of the Biblical Sinai.

The recital of Moses seems to admit that the children of Israel were encamped in different valleys, from which they could be rapidly summoned to the foot of Mount Sinai; this hypothesis being granted, Jebel-Musa exactly

corresponds with the Jewish description of Mount Sinai. As regards the passage of the Red Sea by the Hebrews, no point accords better with the Bible narrative than the neighborhood of Suez.

Cyrus Redding.

Cyrus Redding, who died in England on June 1st, belonged to a class of writers which is a large one in the Old World, though comparatively small in this country—men who make literature a profession, and achieve ample success in it, without acquiring any wide popular reputation. Mr. Redding was born, in 1785, at Penryn, Cornwall. Between the years 1806 and 1820 he was connected as an editor or contributor with several different journals, among them *Galignani's Messenger*, in Paris, which he edited from 1815 to 1818. He also published various literary and political pamphlets during the same period. In 1820 he joined Thomas Campbell in editing *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*. He was directly and indirectly connected with this publication during the next ten years, and wrote a series of papers for it, giving a full account of his personal association with the poet. In 1830 he again joined Campbell in managing *The Metropolitan*, which soon proved a financial failure. Mr. Redding afterward edited two provincial papers, but his chief services to literature were outside of the editorial sanctum. Among what may be called his useful works are: "Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal," "Memoirs of Thomas Campbell," "Past Celebrities I have known," "Memoirs of Remarkable Misers," and three works on wine—"Wine Duties," "The Wine Products of France," and a "History of Wine." He published a book of poems, in 1829, entitled "Gabrielle," and he is the author of several novels, among them, "Velasco," "Keeping up Appearances," and "All's Well that Ends Well." He wrote from notes "The Travels of Captain Andrews in South America," and "Pandurang Hari," a story of the Orient; he also published a translation of Thiers's "History of the Consulate."

City Railroad Cars.

Never full, pack 'em in;
Move up, fat men; squeeze in, thin;
Trunks, valises, boxes, bundles,
Fill up gaps as on she tumbles.
Market-baskets without number,
Owners easy, nod in slumber;
Thirty seated, forty standing,
A dozen or more on either landing.
Old man lifts his signal finger,
Car slacks up, but not a linger;
He's jerked aboard by sleeve or shoulder,
Shoved inside to sweat and smoulder;
Toes are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled, hoop-skirts crashed.
Thieves are busy, bent on plunder;
Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whiskey-toddies,
Tobacco, garlic, cheese, and lager-bier,
Perfume the heated atmosphere;
Old boots, pipes, leather, and tan,
And, if in luck, a "soap-fat man."
Aren't we jolly? What a blessing!
A horse-car hash, with such a dressing!

Unitarianism

At the last meeting of the American Unitarian Association, held at Boston on the 24th

of May, an effort was made toward adopting a creed or confession of faith. The Rev. George Hepworth, of New York, and the Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago, supported the measure, while the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, and others opposed it. Mr. Hepworth said he wanted a definite significance attached to the word Unitarianism. People often asked him for some document that should contain the fundamental doctrine of its ministry, and he wanted some such book as a campaign document. Mr. Collyer said that the people of the West called for a book that should express the faith of the denomination. He would make two provisos: first, it should not be made a test of fellowship; and, second, that, if at any time it should be found that it did not fully express the faith of the Church, it should be altered in the same way it was originally made. Dr. Bellows said he was not prepared to submit his Christian faith to any statement that could be prepared. He wanted the Unitarian body to be free to contain all the glory that it had embraced since its birth. This latter sentiment was clearly that of the majority, and the proposition was accordingly rejected, and a resolution was adopted declaring that Unitarians have neither a creed nor an established confession of faith. Everybody is at liberty to differ in his opinion from everybody else.

Macready's Handwriting.

The celebrated actor and manager, Macready, wrote a very illegible hand, and his free admissions to the theatre were extraordinary productions. He had one day given one of them to a friend for a third party. On the latter receiving it, he remarked: "If I had not known what it was, I should have taken it for a doctor's recipe." "You are right," resumed his friend, "it looks exactly like it; let us try our luck with it." "Be it so; let us get the draught made up." They go to the nearest apothecary's and hand the paper to the assistant. He throws a quick glance over it, and fills a phial from various bottles; another glance, another ingredient, and the phial is half full. Then a dubious pause ensues—the assistant is obviously puzzled, and scratches his head. Finally he disappears through a partition, behind which the proprietor is seated. The latter, a profoundly learned-looking man, appears at the counter. A short, low dialogue takes place, in consequence of which the chief peruses the document. He shakes his head, evidently at the ignorance of the assistant, fetches another bottle down, and, finally, fills the phial with an apocryphal liquid, corks and labels it in proper form. Thereupon he hands it to the expectant gentlemen with a friendly smile: "Here is the cough-mixture, which is apparently very good. Fifteen pence, if you please."

A Joke on Sugden.

Sir Edward Sugden, the eminent lawyer, had a queer joke played on him when he was Lord-Chancellor of Ireland. In that office it was one of his duties to take charge of all lunatics and lunatic asylums. It became known one day to a Dublin wag that he was to visit an asylum near Glasnevin. A note was accordingly sent to the superintendent of the asylum, in the name of a well-known physician, saying that a fussy little person, laboring under acute monomania, would be sent there. He believed that he was the lord-chancellor, that he would act accordingly, and that he would

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be very quiet and would go anywhere if treated as such. The letter then went on to say that, as soon as the patient could be got into a cell, the better for him. Some directions then followed as to the course of treatment to be pursued, and, with a promise that the writer would call to look after the patient, the note concluded. The chancellor did call, was shown over the building; announced himself as Sir Edward Sugden, was told that there were a dozen Sir Edwards there already, and was actually put in a strait-waistcoat, when he resisted violently the treatment prescribed for him. The arrival of a physician who knew him secured his release.

Priests in Spain.

According to statistics taken from the state archives of Spain by M. Garrido, it is established that there were in Spain in the years—

1880	168,000	priests to a population of	7,000,000
1768	149,000	"	9,800,000
1797	184,000	"	10,500,000
1820	118,000	"	11,000,000
1835	90,000	"	13,000,000
1861	43,000	"	16,160,000

It is also worthy of notice that the amount paid by the state to ecclesiastics in Spain is twice more than the amount indicated in the budget of France for the same purpose, with a population two and a half times greater.

Varieties.

IN the neighborhood of Boston once lived two clergymen, one of whom was remarkable for his dry humor, and the other for his prolixity. The former meeting the latter, asked him to preach for him at his "Preparatory Lecture." The latter replied that he could not, as he was busy writing a sermon on the "Golden Calf." "That's just the thing," was the rejoinder; "come and give us a fore-quarter of it."

During Holy Week, at Seville, a drama from the Bible was performed on a scale of great magnificence. Especial importance was attached to the suicide of Judas Iscariot, and there was an elaborate set scene, with a movable catacomb, over which inclined the tree whereon Judas hangs himself. The branch breaks, Judas falls into the water, the stage becomes illuminated with red fire, and a crowd of fiends express their approval by fantastic dancing.

The golden rose, which was recently consecrated with great pomp in the papal chapel of the Vatican, is to be awarded to the Empress of Austria. The pope does not bestow the rose every year; his last one being given two years ago to Queen Isabella, the "pious" Queen of Spain. The symbolical significance attached to the rose is that its wearer is "pleasing in the sight of God." There was no rose presented in 1869.

In a breach-of-promise case in Liverpool the presiding judge delivered himself of two aphorisms worthy of preservation. The defendant's counsel, having argued that the lady had a lucky escape from one who had proved to be inconstant, the judge remarked that "what the woman loses is the man as he ought to be." Afterward, when there was a debate as to the advisability of a marriage between a man of forty-nine and a girl of twenty, his lordship remarked that "a man is as old as he feels; a woman as old as she looks."

Mr. Tenniel's last cartoon in *Punch* illustrates the reference to the critics in "Lothair." Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone are standing back to back in a book-store, turning over the leaves of each other's latest production. Mr. Gladstone has "Lothair," looks stern, and says, "H'm! Flippant!" Mr. Disraeli has "Juventus Mundi," and says, "Ha! Prosy!"

Pearls are troublesome property. Unless they are constantly worn or aired, they change color, or crumble to pieces, so that Mr. Ruby, the jeweller in "Lothair," was perfectly correct when he referred to the necessity of giving her grace's pearls an annual airing or a western exposure.

The Welsh churches have begun to sing the choral service in the Welsh language. The effect is something like this:

"Li grwmpff mwr gll dat
Wmat pital traw dwmp
Stripl ergw mppel wrtma
Fwisl mgiwlp bgy hptl."

In his "Autobiography," John B. Gough tells of a man in New Hampshire who, when he was about to be married to his fourth wife, and the minister requested the happy couple to rise, remarked, sententiously, "I've usually sat!"

The editor of a Chicago children's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber, who writes: "Our little Anna died last week, after reading the last number of your valuable paper."

The number of eggs imported into Great Britain during the year 1869 amounted to no less than four hundred and forty-two million one hundred and sixty-five thousand and eighty!

Two rascals, representing themselves as census officials, obtained lately from a farmer in Wisconsin a description of his farm, filled up a blank mortgage, and induced him to sign the instrument.

A statue of Luther is about to be erected at Eisleben, Upper Saxony, his native town. A committee has just been formed to raise this monument to the memory of the great reformer.

A famous strawberry-raiser said if he could live twenty years he would produce a strawberry as large as a pineapple, and as delicious as the best field strawberry.

A gentleman writes to a London paper to complain that his servants, not content with four square meals a day, are clamoring for a fifth.

"As usual," writes a French critic of "Lothair," "Mr. Disraeli allows no one to figure in his novel who has less than fifty thousand pounds a year."

The Methodist missions among the Chinese on the Pacific coast are greatly prospering.

Gold is the only idol that is worshipped in all lands without a temple, and by all sects without hypocrisy.

People who are always fishing for compliments do not need very long lines. They will get their best bites in shallow water.

Professor Agassiz intends visiting Fort Ancient, Warren County, Ohio, this summer, to make scientific explorations.

The Empress of Austria was recently shot through the hand in attempting to take a loaded pistol from her son.

The arrest of a commanding general in the field by a civil process is one of the most laughable episodes of modern warfare.

A man at Omaha keeps house, with his family, in a large iron cylinder used in building the bridge.

A new grove of big trees—fourteen hundred of them—has been opened for California pleasure-seekers.

Although bugs are objectionable in a general way, nobody dislikes to ride in a buggy wagon.

The principal occupation of the "girl of the period" is said to be to sit at the window and watch for the "coming man."

Virginia oysters are sent to England packed in mud, that they may reach their destination alive.

Almost any young lady has public spirit enough to be willing to have her father's house used for a court-house.

An alligator four feet long, in the river Thames, makes a sensation among the London bathers.

The *Revolution* insists that Magdalen's seven devils were males.

Several thousand people die annually in India of snake-bites.

Queen Victoria already has seventeen grandchildren.

Pope Pius IX. entered on his seventy-ninth year May 14th.

A business which always soots—the chimney-sweeper's.

A duty of fifty per cent. *ad valorem* is to be levied upon hair-pins.

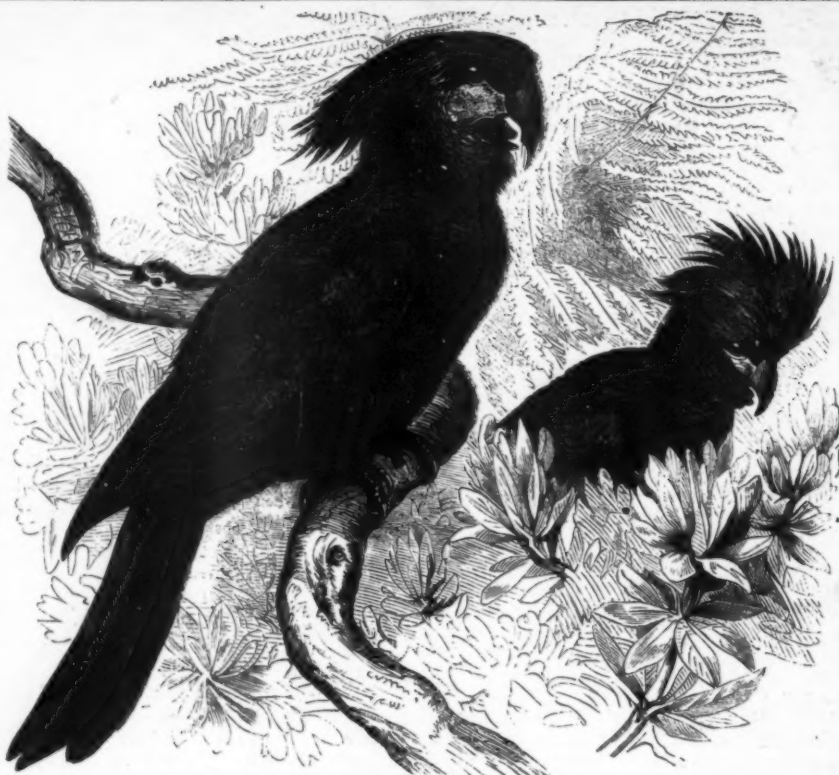
The Museum.

THE Casmaloe (*Microglossus aterrimus*), the best known of the long-billed parrots, is an inhabitant of New Guinea, and is one of the largest of the parrot tribe, even exceeding most of the Araras in this respect. Its plumage is uniformly deep black, with somewhat of a greenish gloss; the living bird has a grayish appearance, owing to a white, meal-like dust, which, as in most other parrots, is scattered over its plumage. The naked, wrinkled cheeks are of a red color. The crest is formed by a number of long, slender, isolated feathers, and is of a lighter gray than the rest of the plumage.

Little is known of these birds in their natural state. "The large-beaked parrot," says Von Rosenberg, "is not rare in the islands of Waigui, Misool, and Salawatti, and is found on the coast of New Guinea. It usually perches at the very top of the highest trees, keeping its body constantly in motion; and, while resting, or when by powerful strokes of its wings it raises itself into the air, it utters a trumpet-like note quite different from that produced by the white cockatoo. The natives take the young birds from the nest, and, when they have reared them, sell them to traders. In captivity they seem to prefer the fruit of the canary-tree, the hard shell of which they manage to crack with the utmost facility. One of these so-called cockatoos, belonging to a resident in Amboyna, was in the habit of flying about all over the town, but always returned home at the proper time to take its meals and to sleep." Von Marten saw a tame parrot of this kind at

Mahai. "The black cockatoo," he observes, "when perched stiffly, with its tail erect, red face, and powerful beak, has the air of an old general, and, owing to its extreme ugliness, makes a forcible impression on all who see it. It is quiet and slow in its movements, but allows strangers to approach, and utters from time to time a disagreeable, harsh, guttural shriek."

According to Rosenberg, the large-beaked parrot is often seen at Amboyna, where it may be bought for about twenty-five shillings. In Europe



The Casuarina of New Guinea.

these remarkable birds are among the greatest curiosities in our collections. Unlike all other parrots with which we are acquainted, the casuarina uses its peculiarly-formed tongue in a strange manner. Taking its food with its foot, it carries the morsel to its beak, tears it up, and presses the end of the tongue, which is provided with a round, horn-like plate upon the pieces, which stick to it; the tongue is then drawn in, and the food swallowed. This being a very slow process, the meal usually occupies a considerable time.

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NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with No. 43, and has been continued in supplements accompanying Nos. 46, 50, 54, 59, and 63.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56; Part Second with No. 61; Part Third with No. 65.

"THE THREE BROTHERS," so far as printed in the JOURNAL up to Jan. 1st, has been published in pamphlet-form, and will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of thirty cents.

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